



No. 334.—VOL. XXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



"UNMASKED."

This is one of the charming pictures by Mr. Hal Hurst which is on exhibition at the Modern Gallery, 175, Bond Street, W. You should make a point of seeing Mr. Hal Hurst's delightful show.

ENGLAND BEATS IRELAND AT LACROSSE.

From Photographs by Allison's, Belfast.

The nineteenth annual match between England and Ireland, played at the Ulster Cricket Ground, Belfast, resulted in a win for England by eight goals to one goal. Two thousand spectators were present.

looked like scoring; but the play of the English goalkeeper, and the defence generally, was magnificent, and the Irish team were always beaten back. In the closing stages, England pressed repeatedly,



The Englishmen gradually gained the upper hand, and accurate passing enabled them to score four other points and to lead at the interval by five goals to one goal. On resuming, Ireland frequently

and, scoring three further goals, eventually won as stated. Taking the play as a whole, Ireland was somewhat unfortunate in being so severely beaten.



SOCIETY LADIES AS SHOPKEEPERS.

From Photographs by Langfrier, Old Bond Street, W.



MRS. JULIUS WERNHER.



THE COUNTESS OF KILMOREY.



LADY HARTOPP.



THE COUNTESS OF MAR AND KELLIE.



THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE.



MRS. CARL MEYER.



THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND.



LADY DE LISLE.



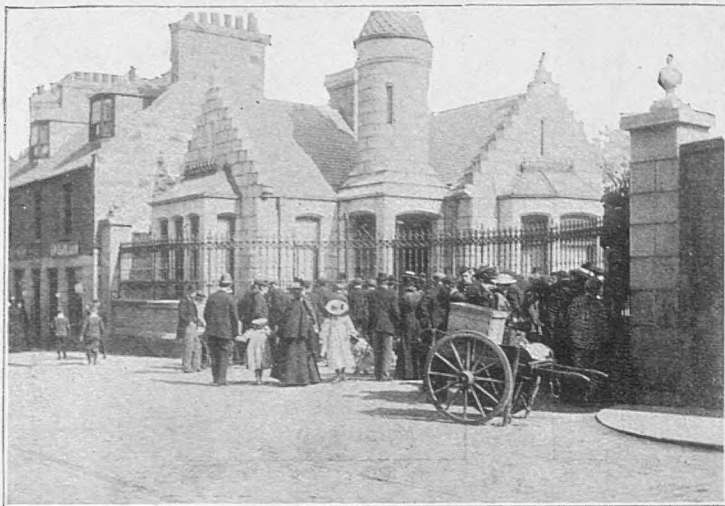
MRS. ARTHUR PAGET.

The Bazaar in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital is probably the most important ever held in London, and will keep the Albert Hall crowded to-day and to-morrow. There are twenty-seven stalls in the Fancy Fair. Mr. Tree and his comrades of Her Majesty's Theatre have compiled a sumptuous Souvenir Album, and generous support has come from rich and poor alike for the sick ones in the Hospital.

THE DISHONOURING OF THE DEAD AT ABERDEEN.

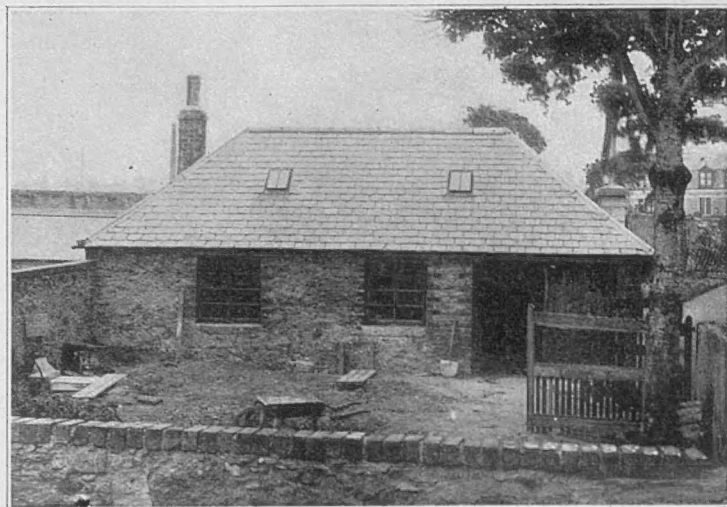
The ghastly Cemetery scandal at Aberdeen, which has rung throughout the whole country, is undoubtedly one of the most barbaric dishonourings of the dead that have been seen in any civilised country in modern times. It is a curious fact that Scotland, with all its sincere religious solemnity, should be the scenes of such barbarity. Seventy years ago Edinburgh was roused by the resurrectionism for which the words Burke-and-Hare have become practically a synonym. Nineteen years

led to a close examination of the graveyard. The result has been the series of horrors that your morning newspaper has inconsiderately offered you at breakfast. It now appears that bodies buried were disinterred (within an hour!) from what their friends fondly considered to be their last resting-place, taken out of their coffins (which were smashed and burned), sometimes hacked to pieces, and huddled brutally into huge pits in the walks of the cemetery during the night. The most horrible spot



CROWD WATCHING THE OPERATIONS FROM THE LODGE WHERE COUTTS LIVED.

Photo by Harry Lumsden, Aberdeen.



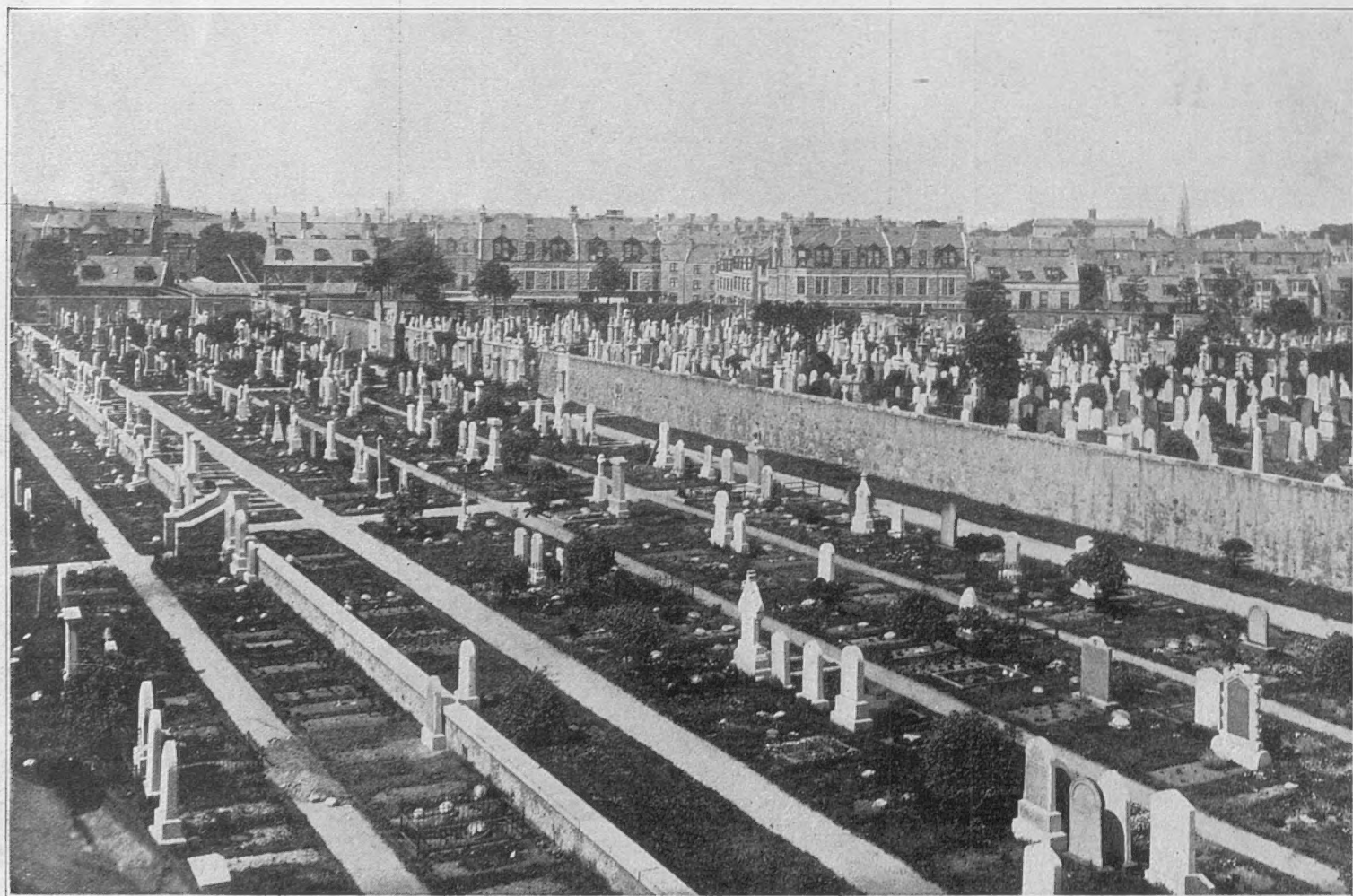
THE TOOL-HOUSE WHERE BODIES HAVE BEEN BURNED.

Photo by the Great Western Studio, Aberdeen.

ago Aberdeenshire itself afforded a tremendous scandal in the cruel theft of the late Earl of Crawford's body from the vault at Dunecht (which his family sickened of so thoroughly that they never lived there again). And now comes this wholesale desecration of Nelfield Cemetery, in the city of Aberdeen itself. The Cemetery, which is about five and a-half acres in extent, and is surrounded by dwelling-houses, is the property of the Bakers' Corporation, one of the seven Incorporated Trades of Aberdeen. The whole scandal leaked out in connection with a trifling Civil action over a grave, which, it is said, the Bakers' Corporation could have settled privately for a five-pound note. The case (which was settled privately for £120) was followed by the arrest of the chief sexton of the Cemetery, William Coutts, on a charge of perjury, and that again

in the cemetery was the tool-house, which was converted into a rough-and-ready crematorium, while fifteen or sixteen bodies would be tumbled into a hideous hole in the walks.

The whole affair has roused the indignation of the people of Aberdeen to such a point that, but for the fact that they are peculiarly level-headed, they might have been reduced to riot. The Town Council of the city now proposes the creation of a Municipal Cemetery. But why? No municipality with a genuine care for the public health should dream of creating anything but a crematorium. Let the civic authorities build a crematorium, to be subsidised, if need be, by the rates. The Bakers' Corporation should re-christen the cemetery Knellfield.



A VIEW OF THE SAD CEMETERY: OBSERVE THE PIT IN THE WALK NEWLY COVERED UP.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE GREAT WESTERN STUDIO, ABERDEEN.

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From	A	B	C	A	D	E	F	G	H
Victoria	8 10	9 0	9 25	9 30	10 5	10 40	10 40	11 15	11 40
*Kensington	7 20	8 45	9 10	9 10	10 10	10 10	...	11 10	12 15
Clapham Junction	8 15	9 10	9 30	9 35	10 12	10 45	...	11 20	12 22
London Bridge	8 5	8 40	9 25	9 25	9 50	12 0	...

* (Addison Road). A.—Every Week-day, Fares 12s., 8s. 6d., 6s. B.—Every Sunday. C.—Every Week-day, Fares 7s., 5s., 3s. 6d. D.—Every Week-day, 1s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing, including Pullman Car to Brighton. E.—Every Saturday, Fare 10s. 6d. F.—Every Saturday, Fare 11s. G.—Every Sunday, Pullman Car 13s. 6d. First Class, 11s. 6d. H.—Every Sunday, Fare 10s. First Class 12s., Pullman Car.

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Full information can be obtained at the Company's London Office, 2, Charing Cross. HENRY FLEWIS, General Manager.

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SEE THE KAFFIR KRAAL PEOPLED BY 300 NATIVES.

The LIST of SUBSCRIPTIONS OPENED on TUESDAY, the 20th, and will CLOSE on or before THURSDAY, June 22, 1899.
A FIVE PER CENT. INVESTMENT.

THE HOME AND COLONIAL STORES, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts.)

SHARE CAPITAL.

100,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each	£500,000
500,000 Fifteen per Cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of £1 each	500,000
100,000 "A" Ordinary Shares of £1 each	100,000
				£1,100,000

Firm applications at par for the whole of the 100,000 "A" Ordinary Shares have been received from existing shareholders of the Company, and the proceeds, £100,000, will be at once available for the further extension of the already very successful business of the Company.

The Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares rank in priority to the Fifteen per Cent. Cumulative Ordinary and the "A" Ordinary Shares both for dividend and capital, and in like manner and for both purposes the Fifteen per Cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares rank before the "A" Ordinary Shares.

ISSUE of 494,200 of the above-mentioned 500,000 FIFTEEN PER CENT. CUMULATIVE ORDINARY SHARES.

164,733 SHARES have been SUBSCRIBED by the Directors, their friends, and the staff of the Company at 60s. per share, and will be allotted in full, and the balance of 329,467 SHARES are NOW OFFERED on behalf of the present holders at the price of 60s. per share.

Payable—5s. on application, £2 15s. on July 4, 1899.

The shares will all rank for dividend as from July 1, 1899.

Dividends on the Share Capital of the Company are paid quarterly.

The Company has no Debenture or Debenture Stock issue.

DIRECTORS.

W. CAPEL SLAUGHTER, Chairman.

G. G. FISHER.

SIR CHARLES E. G. PHILIPPS, Bart.

A. C. WILLIAMS.

BANKERS.—GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE, and CO., 67, Lombard Street, E.C.

AUDITORS.—TURQUAND, YOUNGS, and CO.

BROKERS.—PIM, VAUGHAN, and CO., 1, Drapers' Gardens, E.C.

SOLICITORS.—SLAUGHTER and MAY.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.—A. M. GILFILLAN, 2 and 4, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

The business of The Home and Colonial Stores (Limited) is so well and favourably known as to require no detailed description. It is carried on in upwards of 400 branches throughout the United Kingdom.

For the three years ended Dec. 31, 1898, the net profits of the Company, certified on balance-sheets audited by Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, and Co., amounted to £369,278 8s. 2d., or an average of £123,092 16s. per annum, while the profits for the quarter ended March 25, 1899, are considerably in excess of that rate.

The 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares are officially quoted on the Stock Exchange, and stand at £7 10s. per £5 share.

The Ordinary Shares were originally of the nominal value of £5 each fully paid, and recently stood at about £20 per £5 share.

Some of the shareholders requested the Directors to submit a scheme for dividing the Ordinary Shares, and accordingly, in the month of June instant, each Ordinary Share of £5 was, by Special Resolution, divided into five shares of £1 each. These shares are entitled to a cumulative dividend of 15 per cent. (or 3s. per share) per annum before the payment of any dividend on the 100,000 "A" Ordinary Shares, which (subject to the power of the Company to issue further new shares) are entitled to the surplus divisible profits of the Company.

The Articles of Association of the Company provide—

That no Debentures can be created without the consent of the holders of three-fourths of the 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares present in person or by proxy at a meeting of such Shareholders.

With a view to securing the payment of uninterrupted dividends of 15 per cent. on the 500,000 Cumulative Ordinary Shares, it is stipulated by the Company's Articles of Association that all the annual profits of the Company remaining after payment of dividend of 15 per cent. on the "A" Ordinary Shares shall be appropriated to Reserve Fund until it has been increased in this way by £50,000. The Company have already a Reserve Fund of £120,000 invested in Consols and other Trustee Securities.

A very large number of contracts of all descriptions between the Company and other persons are always in existence. Every applicant for the shares now offered shall be deemed to waive the statement herein of the names of the parties to and the dates of any such contracts, and the sale of the shares offered is made upon those terms.

On payment of the amount due upon allotment, the shares allotted will be registered in the name of the allottee. Application will be made to the Stock Exchange for an official quotation of the shares now issued.

Forms of Application can be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers and at the Offices of the Company.

Failure to pay the amount due on allotment will render the application money liable to forfeiture. June 17, 1899.

THIS FORM MAY BE USED.

THE HOME AND COLONIAL STORES, LIMITED.**FORM OF APPLICATION**

For FIFTEEN PER CENT. CUMULATIVE ORDINARY SHARES.

To the Directors of THE HOME AND COLONIAL STORES, LIMITED.

Having paid to Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co., the Company's Bankers, the sum of £....., being a deposit of 5s. per Share on Cumulative Ordinary Shares, I hereby offer to take that number upon the terms and conditions of the Prospectus of the 17th of June, 1899.

This offer may be accepted as to above or any less number, and I agree to pay to the Company the balance of £2 15s. per Share on the number of Shares in respect of which it is accepted, on July 4, 1899.

Name (in full).....
Address.....
Description.....
Signature.....
Date.....

AT THE CREMATORIUM.

Precious the box that Mary brake
Of spikenard for her Master's sake.
But ah! it held nought half so dear
As the sweet dust that whitens here.
The greater wonder who shall say
To make so white a shell of clay,
From clay to win a face so fair,
Those strange, great eyes, that sunlit hair
A-ripple o'er her witty brain,
Or turn all back to dust again?
Who knows—but in some happy hour
The God whose strange alchemic power
Wrought her of dust again may turn
To woman this immortal urn?

These lines may be said to express the poetry of the place—the Crematorium at St. John's, Woking. I read them, inscribed in brass, on the casket which contains the ashes of Mildred, the first wife of Richard Le Gallienne, who, at the age of twenty-six, was cremated here in 1894. Cremation, as carried out under the auspices of the Cremation Society of England, is robbed of all the objections, more or less indefinable, with which the conservative sentiment of many of us is apt to associate it. Only very strong prejudice indeed can survive an actual visit to the Crematorium, which I took in view of the shocking cemetery scandal which has been furnished at Aberdeen.

For one thing, the Society, in designing its Crematorium some thirteen years ago, was careful to preserve as far as possible the aspect of a picturesque God's Acre. Many a cyclist spinning along the pleasant road between Woking and Brookwood doubtless passes the Crematorium with the impression that it is a little country cemetery. The superintendent's cottage at the entrance-gate is embowered with foliage and flowers, and sweet with roses and honeysuckle is the path from the road to the buildings, whose red-brick walls are partly covered with jessamine and Virginia-creeper. The well-kept grass and timber around assist an illusion which would probably be complete, as far as the casual passer-by is concerned, but for the tall red-brick chimney that carries off the smoke of the furnaces.

The chapel, in which the funeral service is conducted with such slight modification as cremation renders necessary, is very much like any small cemetery-chapel. Its most distinctive feature will be found in the niches of the wall, in which the cinerary urns have been placed, some being of earthenware, others of walnut and polished oak. These memorials of the dead have been deposited here for the payment of a small fee; others have been buried in the adjoining ground, where the little stones and crosses give one the impression of a miniature cemetery. But in most cases the urns are removed by the friends of the deceased, generally to be buried in the "family graves" or vaults of church or cemetery. A room has been screened off from the chapel in which mourners, wishing to return with the ashes of the dead, can await the process of cremation, which occupies about an hour and a-half.

The chapel opens into the temple of fire, where the arrangements are exceedingly simple. The body, enclosed in a shell or wrapped in shrouds merely, as may be preferred, is placed on metal rollers, by means of which, as the mourners stand around, it can be gently slid into the furnace. This is a plain brick structure which so well retains the fiercest heat that you can stand close to it without any discomfort. The chemical gases engendered in this furnace are conveyed to a second through a kind of conduit, and there completely consumed. Of course, no one is permitted to witness the actual process of cremation, while there is nothing to suggest a single offensive detail.

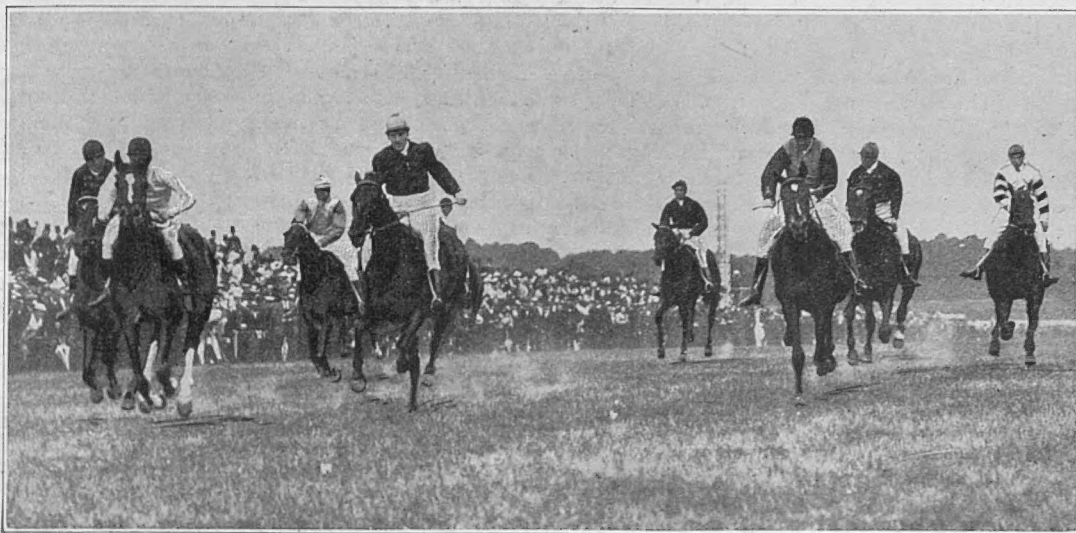
From the visitors' book in the waiting-room much information can be gleaned. It tells how widespread is the interest in the subject of cremation, some of the entries having been made by visitors from the most distant parts of the world. It shows what a fine company of men and women have been reduced to ashes in this place. Literature, science—more particularly medical science, as is likewise shown by the inscriptions on the little tombstones in the grounds—art, social rank, and fashion are all represented. The list includes Nasmyth, the engineer, Baron Huddleston and Lord Bramwell, Madame Blavatsky, Edmund Yates, Stepniak, Sir Henry and Lady Halford, Sir B. W. Richardson, the Dowager Countess Russell, Sir Isaac Pitman, Admiral Hornby, the Duke of Bedford, and Sir E. Burne-Jones.

On the day of my visit two cremations took place, one body being brought from Devonshire, and this is not an unusual occurrence. The society's record at Woking tells the progress of cremation during the last few years in very effective fashion. In 1885—the first year of the institution—there were only three cremations, and in the second year only ten. The number slowly but surely grew until last year, when it reached 173, making a total of 1043. Cremation has, so far, been most favoured by the richer classes, although the cost is now by no means prohibitive. The society charges £5, and it estimates that the total expense of the funeral, in the case of a person dying in London, need not exceed fifteen guineas. By paying a subscription of ten guineas to the Society, you become a life-member and defray in advance the cost of your cremation. On these terms the Woking Crematorium is much more than self-supporting. Income last year showed a balance of nearly £300 over expenditure. This sum, which in the case of a company would have gone in dividends, paid almost the entire cost of the general work of the Cremation Society. There are Crematoria at Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow which are, I believe, in the nature of commercial enterprises; there were last year fifty-one cremations at Manchester, but only sixteen at Glasgow and ten at Liverpool.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Ascot opened in chilly weather, but ended in sunshine. The Prince of Wales stayed at Ascot Heath House, which the Master of the Buckhounds has bought for his use, and the visitors included the Yorks and the Connaughts, Prince Christian, and the Grand Duke Michael of Russia.



FINISH OF THE COVENTRY STAKES AT ASCOT, WON BY LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD'S DEMOCRAT.

The Royal Enclosure was as crowded as usual with pretty women, and everything went off without a hitch.

Who is the cleverest man in the House of Commons? Opinion is divided in the House, but a considerable number of members would answer, off-hand, "Mr. Chamberlain," and another section would name Mr. T. M. Healy. The demands of the Irish Bar deprive Westminster of the pleasure of Mr. Healy's company for long spells of time. He is always welcome when he reappears. Though this or that Minister may dread his biting criticisms, the jaded member forgives him much on account of his vivacity. When he is away, Mr. Dillon may be seen in the corner seat of the centre Nationalist bench; but when Mr. Healy returns, the member for Mayo yields the corner without contest, and Mr. Swift MacNeill sits between the rivals. Mr. Healy, who has a capital practice at the Irish Bar, has recently taken silk—a step not always attended with success, but thoroughly justified in his case. The new Q.C. reappeared in the House of Commons a few days ago, and promptly resumed his position as a lively critic. He is really very entertaining. He gets to the heart of a question with his keen intellect and sharp eyes, and he expresses his opinions with a terseness and jagged picturesqueness utterly unlike the familiar stilted phraseology of the average member who hammers a few ideas into a great many flat words. Mr. Healy coins more phrases than any other politician. They have not the literary finish of Mr. Morley's, but they are very pungent, and they appeal to the broad humour of the House.

Mr. Chamberlain is supposed to be happy again because his Department is absorbing attention. He thrives and prospers under work. Since the Transvaal crisis began he has looked more sprightly and buoyant than usual. Some of his numerous opponents—they might almost be called enemies—on hearing that he had been beaten in the Cabinet, prepared to dance upon his prostrate figure. Mr. Chamberlain is never more dangerous than when he appears to be beaten. He revives with remarkable alacrity. A great lady once observed to Mr. Gladstone that he was "popping up again," and Mr. Chamberlain has the habit of popping up when least expected. The idea of his quitting England because he could not get his own way was too grotesque. If Mr. Chamberlain were to retire from

the Government, he would withdraw not to Switzerland, but to a back bench in the House, where he could carry on the fight. There was no sign of resignation in his manner when he alluded to the rumours that he had booked seats in the Paris train to Lausanne. He seemed to be immensely amused by the rumours which had originated so mysteriously, and there was, doubtless, a political significance in his remark that he had "no intention whatever of leaving the country at the present time." No one can place more piquant an emphasis on words than the Colonial Secretary. He gives every syllable its due meaning, and members who heard the remark which I have just quoted naturally construed it to mean that he intended to stand by his post and, if possible, his policy.

Vice-Admiral Sir Nathaniel Bowden-Smith will be an interesting figure to Londoners during the next three years. He is leaving the charms of Devonshire to take over the command of the Nore—that is, the naval establishments at Chatham and Sheerness. He will succeed Admiral Sir Charles Hotham, whose period in that appointment is about to expire. As a cadet, Admiral Bowden-Smith fought in the Burmese War of forty-seven years ago, and was a midshipman on board the *Royal George* during the Russian War, and subsequently

saw still further war-service as mate of the *Fury* and *Calcutta* successively in the China War. Since this early fighting the gallant officer has been in no important actions. He has won his spurs ashore.

Another naval appointment that will arouse less interest is that of Rear-Admiral H. D. Bosanquet as Commander-in-Chief of the East India Squadron. He will relieve Rear-Admiral Archibald L. Douglas, who will be remembered for the inimitable manner in which he brought the Sultan of Muscat to book, this spring, when that potentate, who receives British pay, was bent on playing the game of France and not of Great Britain. Admiral Bosanquet is a good officer who did excellent work when a Captain as the Inspecting Captain of naval training-ships. Two other appointments on which more than one Captain of the Navy had his eye have also been filled. Captain G. N. A. Pollard has been appointed Captain in Charge of that curious Island of Ascension, which is an island according to all maps and geography-books, and yet is officially termed a warship by the Admiralty. The other appointment is that of Captain R. L. Groome as Commodore of the South-East Coast of America Squadron, the smallest of the eight foreign squadrons.



THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE AT ASCOT.

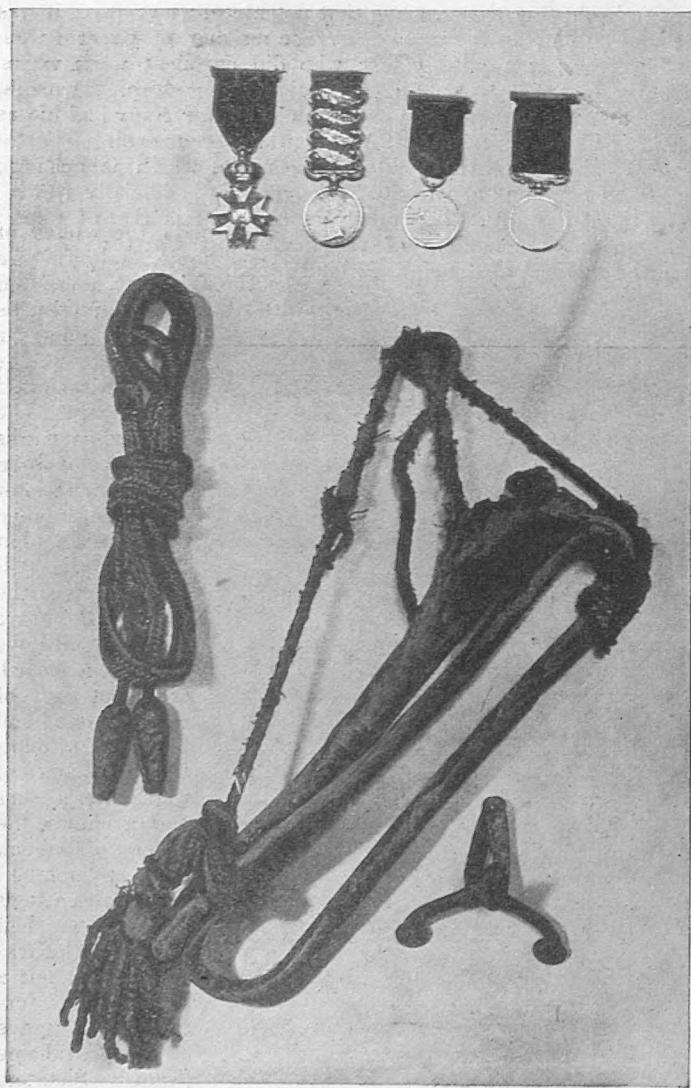
Once again the prosaic auction-room of Debenham, Storr, and Sons, in King Street, Covent Garden, will have a touch of romance, for to-morrow they will sell a very interesting memento of the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, being the trumpet used by Trumpet-



TRUMPET-MAJOR GRAY WAS AT BALACLAVA.

Major William Gray, Orderly to Lord Cardigan, who headed the charge of "The Six Hundred" on that memorable occasion; also the three medals awarded to him and the Cross of the French Legion of Honour, with certificate, his spurs and busby-lines, an original portrait in oils of Gray by Calvert, his certificate of discharge after twenty-nine years' service, nine autograph letters from Lord Cardigan to Gray, and other papers relating thereto. The Russian gunners tried to knock Gray out of his saddle with their rammers, and the trumpet was so badly battered that it was condemned as useless. It was left in a scrap-heap, but was rescued by Farrier-

Major Dyer, who kept it in the forge-waggon and restored it to Gray. On March 31, 1898, Messrs. Debenham, you may remember, sold the trumpet on which Joy, the Staff Trumpeter to Lord Lucan, sounded the charge in the immortal Charge of the Light Brigade. It fetched no less than 750 guineas! Besides Gray's trumpet, Messrs. Debenham will offer a fine collection of 370 naval, military, and Volunteer medals.



GRAY'S MEDALS AND TRUMPET, BATTERED BY THE RUSSIANS, WILL BE SOLD TO-MORROW.

In recognition of their services in the recent Soudan expeditions, the various regiments engaged have been authorised to bear on their colours or appointments the names of the engagements in which

they took part. Thus the Grenadiers add to their already long list the word "Khartoum," the Northumberland Fusiliers and the Rifle Brigade also sharing this honour. The Royal Warwicks and the Lincolns add "Atbara" and "Khartoum," the Seaforth's and Camerons "Atbara" only (?), and the North Staffordshires the unique distinction of "Hafir." The 21st Lancers have won their first honour, for "Khartoum" is to be borne on their appointments. Thus they escape the invidious distinction of being the only regiment in the Army with no battle-name. It is curious to note that the "Queen's Bays," or 2nd Dragoon Guards, are now coupled with the 21st in having only one "honour," in their case "Lucknow." Yet the "Bays" were raised at the time of Monmouth's Rebellion, and, after doing good service in Ireland, were employed in patrolling the roads to Blackheath and Hounslow as a protection against highwaymen. They saw much service in Holland and the Peninsula, and had the peculiar experience, for a British regiment, of being "prisoners of war" in 1710 for nearly the whole year. Then in the rebellion of 1715 and the '45 they were in Scotland, and fought in that skirmish on Clifton Moor where "MacIvor" was taken prisoner. The inscription on the tomb at Coventry of a veteran of the "Bays," then "the Queen's Royal Regiment of Horse," who died in 1746, having left the regiment five years earlier, after a service of fifty-six years—forty-six in the "Bays" and ten in "the Foot"—reads quaintly—

The Israelites in desert wandered but two score,
But I have wandered two score sixteen and more.
In dusty campaigns, restless days and nights,
In bloody battles oftentimes did I fight,
In Ireland, Flanders, France, and Spain;
At last here lie my poor mortal remains.

After much more fighting on the Continent, including three years' continuous service there, the "Bays" formed part of the Army of

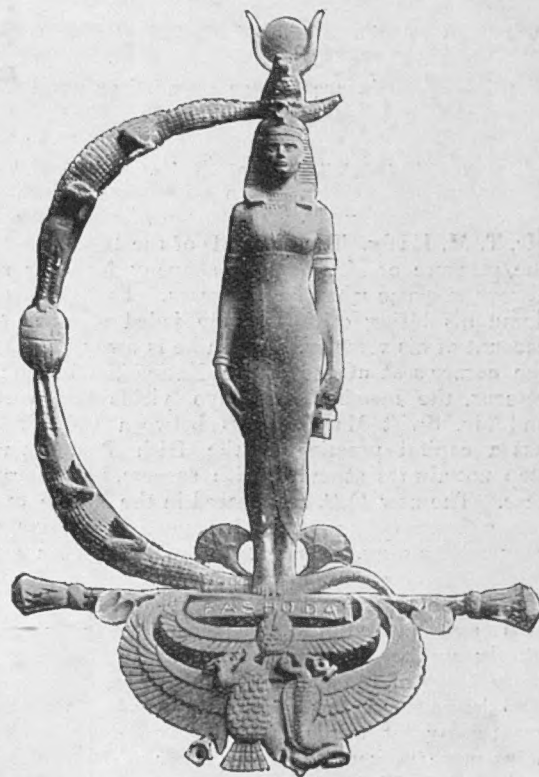
Occupation of France in 1815, and till the Indian Mutiny saw no more active service, but there three troopers gained the Victoria Cross, and the only "honour," that of "Lucknow," was won. Truly a small reward for such long and gallant service.

A sword of honour has been presented to Major Marchand by the subscribers to *La Patrie*. The presentation was made by M. Massard, the editor of the paper. The sword was designed by M. Marquet de Vasselot, the well-known sculptor, while M. Auger was the goldsmith who executed the work. The hilt is of gold and silver-gilt, ornamented with

enamel and precious stones; it represents Isis, emblem of the Nile, crowned with a golden sun, adorned with a necklace and bracelets in enamel, and holding in her left hand the key of the Nile. Two crocodiles united by a scarab composed of a precious stone form the bow of the sword-hilt, while the cross-bars consist of two lotus-flowers with their leaves.

The *Vedette*, which is the regimental magazine of the 21st Lancers, contains a very elaborate account of the famous charge at Khartoum, entitled "Our Baptism." The magazine comes to me from Cairo.

An entertainment given on Tuesday, last week, at the Queen's Hall, served to publicly introduce to Londoners two artists hailing from America who should make their mark with us. Miss Grace Jean Crocker is an elocutionist with an excellent dramatic touch and a sense of humour. Her intonation has a good deal of the burr common in the Western States, but her voice is naturally musical. Her most successful recitation was Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Pauline Pavlona." She also gave some forty-odd illustrations—by facial expression and gesture—of the emotions, a feat which brought to mind a very quaint book, by Henry Siddons, son of the celebrated actress, on "Rhetorical Gesture and Action," which, however, contains no less than sixty-eight "illustrations"—and very quaint ones, too. The other debutante at the Queen's Hall was Miss Bertini Humphrys, whose powerful but sweet and well-trained voice has been praised in these pages before now. The purity of her style and her sympathetic singing won her the heartiest approbation of the audience.



HILT OF THE SWORD PRESENTED TO MAJOR MARCHAND.

I learn with regret that poor John Ridley, whose work in Empire ballets must be well known to most of my readers, passed away a few days ago. He was an excellent actor of what is called "the old school," and withal a cheery, kind-hearted, contented man, who never had a bad word for anybody. He was on the stage for thirty years, seven being spent at Drury Lane under the late "Guv'nor," and he was at the Empire Theatre from the time when the first ballet was produced. All patrons of the house will remember his appearance in "Round the Town," where he played the part of the schoolmaster and had a dramatic scene with May Paston on the Thames Embankment. He could work a very small part into significance, and even when he had little to do, managed to make that little amusing. I was speaking to him some two or three months ago, during the run of "Alaska," in which he had a very small part. "I should like to see you more busy," I said. "Well," he answered cheerily, "I hope to have a better part in the new ballet. I did well in 'Round the Town,' and, perhaps, they will give me another good part." He was cast for the part of the Mayor, now being played by George Vincent; but before the ballet was produced his old illness took an aggravated form, and last week, after a severe operation, he passed peacefully to where the wand of the ballet-master cannot follow and the voice of the prompter is dumb. Many of us will miss "Old Jack Ridley," and recall his honest work, his cheery presence, his perennial smile.

Apropos of the revival of "H.M.S. *Pinafore*," it is curious to watch how some of Mr. Gilbert's phrases have become current coinage. For instance, I notice that Miss Eva Scott, who has written a really scientific Life of Prince Rupert (a fascinating book, with which I hope to deal at some length next week), says—

Rupert was still [1660] in high favour at the Austrian Court, and the "temptations to belong to other nations" were real ones; but he preferred England and the Stuarts to any of the allurements held out to him by France or Germany, and therefore resolved to "remain an Englishman."

No other Victorian dramatist has added so many phrases to the language.

This bowl was constructed in commemoration of the Battle of Waterloo, fought on Sunday, June 18, 1815, and has remained for eighty-four years in the possession of the family of Broun of Broadstone, Ayrshire. It is of common stoneware, stands 4½ in. high, and has a diameter of 6¼ in. The roughness of its make is in itself a testimony to the popularity of the victory. It is coloured dark green on the outer side. In front, within a semicircle of white, is a Scotch soldier's bonnet in blue, black, and



A BOWL COMMEMORATIVE OF WATERLOO.

yellow, and over the bonnet is inscribed the word "Waterloo"; behind is painted an anchor, calling attention to the fact that "Britannia rules the waves."

I am very glad to see the big effort now being made to give the Emerald Isle its fair share of popularity. For many years, first-class accommodation has been obtainable at the best-known places only in hotels whose charges would startle Monte Carlo in March. Naturally enough, many people have been frightened, and have not cared to risk excursions into parts remote. The robust traveller has nothing to fear. Simple food, delightful hospitality, and clean accommodation are to be met in places comparatively unknown; the belief that an Irishman lives with his wife, family, and pigs in one room is a fallacy founded on old prints. Apart from the advantages to the tourist, Ireland is a paradise to the sportsman with ample leisure and moderate means. He can get a thousand acres of grouse-moor for less than he would pay for a couple of hundred in Scotland, the fishing is splendid, and there are fine mansion-houses to let at prices that astonish the Londoner. Simple food is cheap, so is service; the country has a charm of its own, and the natives seem good-tempered and full of humour. I am well convinced that Ireland has but to be explored in order to be appreciated by hundreds of English people who now go to the French coast for recreation or to Norway for sport. Moreover, the hated Saxon is not hated at all outside certain newspaper offices in the big towns, and the aim of the natives is to make the visitor anxious to repeat his visit. The circulation of English money throughout Ireland would do the country material good, and help to increase the goodwill between John Bull and Paddy.

Sheriff Campbell Smith, in his "note" on a case in which a golf and rubber agent sued a golf-club maker, makes some humorous and characteristic remarks which differentiate the document from the usual conventional and austere conclusions of the judicial bench. "I take it," said the learned Sheriff, "that all men who sell golf-balls and take money for them give the implied warranty that their balls are fit to be used in the game of golf as played by gentlemen, or ladies, or children, probably even by duffers." He does not think that a bit of white painted stuff that would fly to pieces at the fair stroke of a lady of eighty or a child of eight would be a right golf-ball, but a fraudulent imitation. One of

the pursuer's grounds of complaint was based on the circumstance that a dealer in America, who had returned the balls, complained that one of his customers broke up the balls before he got away from the first tee; on which Sheriff Smith comments, "But he does not state how many square yards of turf he destroyed," and he suspects the customer was a "Yankee humorist who had studied historical precision in Washington Irving and Mark Twain."

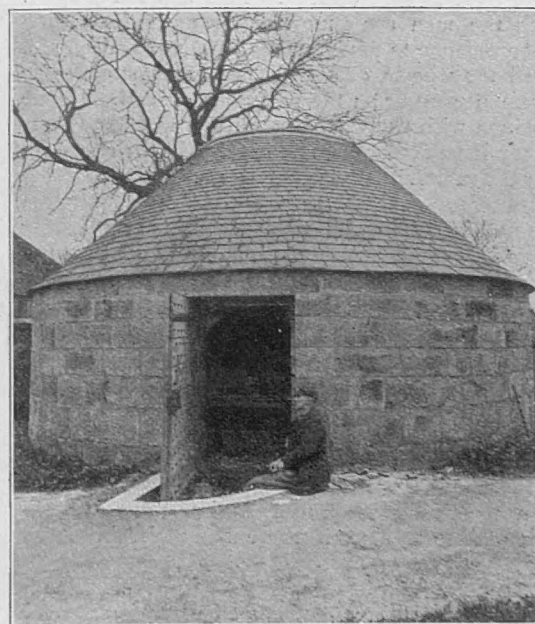
The shocking cemetery scandal at Aberdeen reminds one of the Burke and Hare days, though, of course, the old method of a "watching-house," where the relatives of the dead could keep sentry, would be of no use in the Aberdeen cemetery. Nearly every churchyard had these sentry-boxes, for, until 1832, teachers of anatomy had to depend entirely upon the "body-snatchers" for a supply of subjects. Curiously enough, it is Aberdeenshire that

possesses one of the most complete "watching-houses" that I know. It stands in the graveyard in the parish of Udny. The walls are three and a-half feet thick; a circular table entirely fills the floor-space, moving on a circular pivot.

The body was merely placed on the table, and when the circuit of the vault had in course brought it once more opposite the door, it was ripe for burial. There were two doors, the inner one of wrought-iron, the outer a strong, heavy, oaken one, likely to last for another century or so. Some of these round-houses had any number of locks on the doors, and the several keys were placed in worthy hands, for fear, as it was quaintly put, that "one conscience might have given way." I also reproduce one of the keys of the Culsamond vault—seven inches long; it might be useful as a miniature cannon, at a pinch.

Comparatively few of those who are familiar with the names of Burns' two famous heroes—Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny—are aware of the actual designation of the two worthies, or that, associated as they are in Burns' immortal pages, in death they are undivided, as

they sleep not far from one another in Kirkoswald Churchyard. The stone which marks the grave of John Davidson (Souter Johnny) has fallen into decay, but the name is still legible. To the right of the grave a new tombstone has been placed, an exact copy of the old one, and bearing, in addition, the names of the Souter's sons and nephews, the latter of whom, two in number, died as recently as 1893. They had lived in Kirkoswald, and left a considerable fortune. The grave of David Grahame (Tam o' Shanter)



A HOUSE WHERE PEOPLE KEPT SENTRY OVER THE GRAVES OF THEIR FRIENDS.

was erected by him to the memory of his son, who was followed by Helen McTaggart, Tam's wife. Souter Johnny died in 1806, aged seventy-nine, and Tam in 1811, aged seventy-two.

The other week I referred to the forthcoming Guide to Hermitage Castle, Liddesdale, by Mr. William Forbes. I have since received the booklet (published in Hawick)—a very good description of the famous keep, which collectors of Scott literature will make a point of getting.



KEY OF AN OLD CEMETERY "WATCHING-HOUSE" COMPARED WITH AN ORDINARY KEY.

One of the strangest teams is that owned by little Miss Rackliffe, of Carinna, Maine, in the States. It consists of three perfectly trained lambs. The two pole-lambs are twins, two years old, and are marked black and white. They weigh 190 lb. and 193 lb. The lead-lamb is perfectly black, and weighs 144 lb. The lambs are named "Shabby,"



A LITTLE GIRL IN MAINE WHO DRIVES A TEAM OF LAMBS.

"Shoddy," and "Shady." They were taken when three months old, and, by firm and kind treatment and daily usage, were made perfectly obedient and as well-trained as horses. They frequently are driven seventeen miles in a single drive without seeming at all fatigued, and they make an average pace of five miles an hour. Mr. Rackliffe is a large stock-owner, of Maine, and takes much pride in his little daughter's team.

The women of Avesnes-lez-Aubert, a little hamlet that lies white under the blue skies of Northern France, indifferent to the events of this life, insist with an energy that has drawn the attention of all France on arranging to suit themselves the ceremony of their going hence. They have decided that, from now on, they shall be carried to their burial no longer by men, but by women. In pursuance of this decision, they recently opposed the burial of one of their number by ordinary routine, and asked that it should be done as they desired. This was not so easy. France is a land where all the men are functionaries, and where each functionary has it on his conscience to perform his part, willy-nilly, and believes that if he is ousted the wheels of the universe will stop. The men then insisted; the women were firm; the police intervened. Hence scandal. The battle remained with the women, and they will have their own way in future, for they have decided that, henceforth, their written testament shall express in the matter their formal desire.

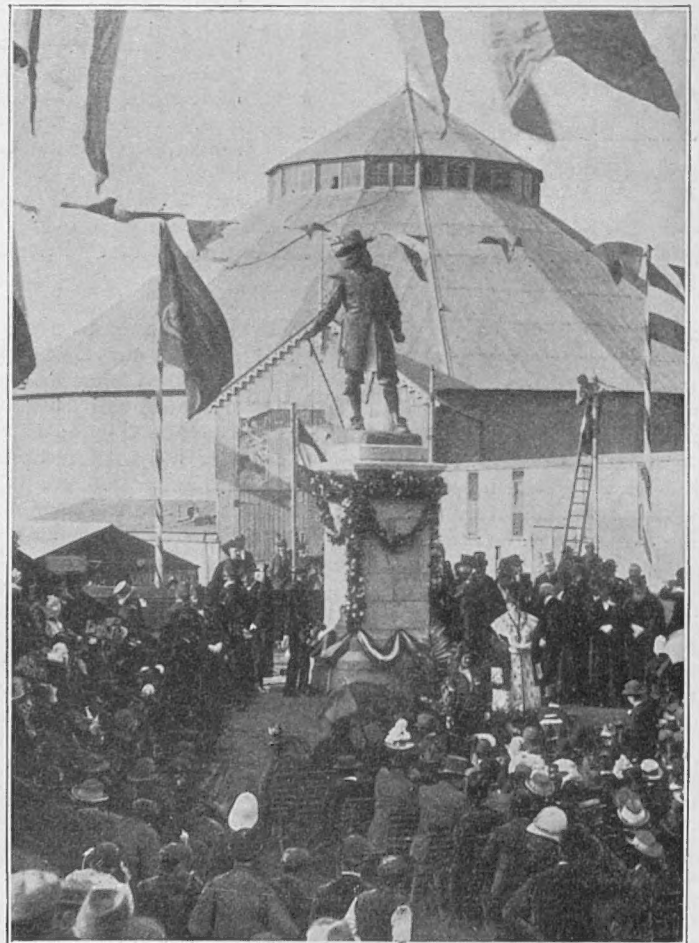
This little episode has nothing to do with women's rights as officially understood. The women of Avesnes-lez-Aubert probably never heard of feminism. It is not an innovation, but a matter of sentiment and a return to the past. There is an old tradition in the country that the women shall bury the women. The men have invaded, usurped, and raised into a public function a pious duty that formerly belonged to the women, and which the women wish to resume. And those that have seen it say there is no more touching spectacle than this of the women carrying their own to the tomb. Along the winding paths of pasture-land the white coffin of some young girl is borne by those of her own age, while the pines and the winds make melancholy music in their ears, and the horizon seems to widen and stretch away to infinity. And the wheels of the universe continue to turn as if there had never been any functionaries in the world.

As a man who is compelled to dine out always, I have been much interested in Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis's lively book, "Dinners and Dinners," just issued by Mr. Grant Richards. He directs you to everything, between the Prince's in its gorgeousness and the little Soho café, which is really much more amusing. I wish he would tell us where to lunch. A fortune lies that way for the restaurateur who knows his art in the business parts of town. I know nothing more barbaric than the ordinary luncheon-place in the Strand, Fleet Street, and the City, with the trail of the public-house over it all. A long bar with a lot of silk-hatted men sitting at the counter gobbling beef and bitter as hard as they can is a sight belonging to the "dark days of bigotry and superstition," which have almost vanished in

the case of dinner. If I had time in the forenoon to go Westwards, I certainly should. As it is, I and thousands of men in "the City" have to put up with the chop-and-bitter establishments, or with a milk-shop. There is no sort of establishment between the two where you will get not too little and not too much, but just enough. The subject has been in my mind a long time. Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis's book gives me the chance of working it off—

I tire of the chop in the Englishman's shop,
Heaped high on a horrible dish;
I'm sick of the beef, and find little relief
In chunks of inedible fish.
I long for the chance of a luncheon in France,
For the Strand gives a primitive feast;
But I'm driven to munch at a terrible lunch,
For which I am heavily fleeced.
I can't see the point of a cut from the joint
For a man who is driven and tired;
While "Yorkshire" that's hard is a dish to discard,
When only a snack is required.
A beaker of Bass is a beverage, alas,
You are forced in your hurry to drink;
It is English, you know; while I dote on Soho,
Where your *chef* is a man who can think.
He comes with a head to that luncheon I dread,
Nor charges a pitiless sum;
You feel you can live on the food he can give
(On chops you feel fit to succumb).
If your purse feels a strain in the cheapest champagne,
And jibs at the humblest of hock,
You always can go to a place in Soho,
And revel in merry Médoc.
A queer little room: no brokers who "boom"
Crowd round at a barbarous bar,
Attempting to read, as they hurriedly feed,
The cricket results in the *Star*.
You lunch or you dine without feeling supine,
If you only will make it an art;
But if you insist on gulping the grist,
You *must* have a lump at your heart.

Memorials of the building-up of our Empire rise quickly round the world. In the month of May no fewer than three of the red-letter days of Greater Britain were remembered—the centenary of Seringapatam (which involved our annexation of Mysore), the reserve in connection with Captain Cook's first landing in Australia, while on May 18 a bronze statue of Jan van Riebeeck, first Governor of the Cape Colony, was unveiled at Capetown. It is the gift of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and the work of Mr. John Tweed, who is at present completing the Major Wilson



STATUE OF THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF THE CAPE, PRESENTED TO CAPETOWN BY MR. RHODES.

Photo by Peters, Capetown.

Memorial for Rhodesia. Brilliant sunshine favoured the ceremony, which was performed by the Mayor, Mr. Ball, who traced van Riebeeck's career, and reminded his hearers that almost upon the spot where the statue was erected the famous Dutchman had landed on April 7, 1652.

Apropos of the centenary of the fall of Seringapatam, I may note that one of the most curious relics in the place is the extraordinary arch called "De Havilland," after the young engineer who built it. He proposed to bridge the river Cauvery with five brick arches of 110 ft.



THIS ARCH (DE HAVILLAND'S) AT SERINGAPATAM HAS A SPAN OF 150 FEET.

Photo by Armourer-Sergeant Price.

span. The authorities (of course) scouted the idea, and, to prove its feasibility, De Havilland erected a specimen arch in his garden. This specimen is constructed of bricks and mortar, with a span of 150 ft. and breadth of 3 ft. It has the peculiarity of a sort of spring in it, which becomes visible on people crossing it, the arch rising and falling as if on carriage-springs. An excellent account of the Seringapatam siege is given in the current issue of the *Suffolk Gazette*, the journal of the 12th Regiment.

The progressive Corporation of Bath have just placed a commemorative tablet upon the house in Lansdown Crescent once occupied by William Beckford, the author of "Vathek." Beckford erected a great tower on the hill a mile above his house at Bath wherein to study, and when he died his remains were laid (above the ground) at the foot in a granite sarcophagus, which was prepared during his lifetime. The property was then sold for a tea-garden, but his daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton, repurchased it, and, to save it from desecration, gave it to the Rector of Walcot as a cemetery. The tower has just been repaired, and it is once more possible to enjoy the wonderful view from the summit, which is 950 feet above sea-level.

There was a merry party at Broadstairs the other week, when Mark Twain, Max O'Rell, the three Grossmiths—George, *père et fils*, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith—were staying together at the new Grand Hotel.

The tremendous bust of Sir Joseph Paxton, the architect of the Crystal Palace, is now being removed from the Terrace to the Parade.



THE BUST OF PAXTON, WHO BUILT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Photo by H. Deutsch.

Sir Joseph was born August 3, 1803, at Milton Bryant, in Bedfordshire, and was in the service of the Duke of Devonshire. He was knighted on the completion of the Crystal Palace, and died at Rockhills, in Sydenham, June 8, 1865. The tremendous bust, which was sculptured by Mr. F. W. Woodington in 1869, is some eight or nine feet in height.

Exactly three years have passed away since a meeting of old Rugbeians and others was held in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster, under the genial presidency of Dr. Bradley, for the purpose of promoting a permanent memorial of Judge Thomas Hughes, Q.C., the well-known author of "Tom Brown's School-Days." It was decided that this should take the form of a life-size marble statue, to be erected in the school-grounds at Rugby, and that the balance should be handed over to the Rugby School Mission, in which Tom Hughes took so warm an interest. Upwards of £1270 was subscribed, among the donors being Messrs. Macmillan, who gave twenty-one guineas, Sir Godfrey Lushington and Sir Arthur Arbutnot, ten guineas each, and Mr. Pearson Gregory, ten pounds. The completion of the statue, which was entrusted to Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., who had executed a bronze bust of Lord Bowen for Rugby School, was considerably delayed by serious illness, but it could have been erected some months ago had it not been obviously desirable that the ceremony should take place on Speech Day. It will consequently be unveiled by the Archbishop of Canterbury on Saturday.

To put to sea in an open boat, sixteen feet long, six feet beam, loaded down to within six inches of the water's edge, with no means of shelter from the weather or of cooking a meal, and a prospective voyage of two hundred and forty miles round one of the roughest and most exposed parts of the British Isles, the sole occupant being a man who had seen seventy-two summers, truly suggests the iron nerve of a Wellington and the strength of a Samson. But Thomas Walker, of the small fishing village of Torry, near Aberdeen, made this remarkable voyage from the former place in a small craft of the dimensions given above. He left Torry on May 29, and, after spending nine days at sea, with the



THIS OLD MAN, *at. 72*, SAILED IN THIS LITTLE BOAT FROM ABERDEEN TO SCARBOROUGH (240 MILES) IN NINE DAYS.

Photo by F. Foxton, Scarborough.

exception of putting into port three times, arrived at Scarborough, Yorkshire, on Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. He intended doing the voyage between the two places named in three days, but met with a prevalence of calms which greatly impeded his progress. When the craft arrived at Scarborough she presented a most ludicrous appearance—the small mast raking over her stern, her brown-tanned sail, her equally tanned occupant; his table, turned upside down, packed in the legs of the table being a sea-chest, and on the top of this the bed and bedding, fishing-gear, boxes, and ropes, in a confused mass, reaching to a height of over three feet. The reason given by Walker for making this exceedingly dangerous voyage is that there is no fish to be caught at his native place. Consequently, he has had to migrate to new pastures, so he had chosen Scarborough, as he had learned that its beautiful bay was prolific with whiting. Needless to say, the arrival of so small a craft and so veteran a Scot—seventy-two years of age—caused considerable interest in the town. The boat is now laid in the harbour.

Have you ever read Maupassant's "Boule de Suif"—"the finest and most artistic short story ever written"? Mr. Heinemann has just issued five hundred copies of it, printed on Japanese vellum, with the most delicate woodcuts by M. Thévenot I have seen for many a long day. The book, a handsome quarto of ninety-one pages, is enclosed in an envelope which informs the reader that "this book is not intended to be placed indiscriminately in the hands of those unlikely to judge of and appreciate its beauty of workmanship, quite independent of its subject." And yet its subject is no worse than "The Conquerors," which Mr. George Alexander produced, and I need scarcely say it is handled with infinitely greater distinction—in short, with genius, for is it not written by Maupassant, and not by a Paul Potter? Mr. Heinemann could not, indeed, have tilted at our paralysing Mudie-ism more effectively than by the love he has spent in giving us "Boule de Suif."

Among the numerous things considered sacred in India is the banyan-tree, one of the fig genus, remarkable for its vast rooting branches. The horizontal branches send down shoots which take root when they reach the ground and enlarge into trunks, which in their turn send out branches. In one of the districts of the Central Provinces is a



THIS SINGLE BANYAN-TREE HAS 3350 STEMS.

celebrated banyan-tree with about three hundred and fifty stems, each equal to a fair-sized trunk, and about three thousand smaller ones. It has been said that a regiment of soldiers could encamp under it. It has, in fact, the appearance of a grove of trees. Some of these trees are five hundred yards in circumference and one hundred feet in height. In the fruiting season the banyan is an arbour for the feathered creation, and a rude temple is often set up under or close to its shade, at which the wayfarer stops to cook a meal more frequently than to offer a prayer. These sacred trees, with their grateful shade, are common in every part of India, and are, I believe, confined to the tropical zone. As timber, they are of no value, but gum-lac is obtained from their juice, and the bark is used by the Hindus medicinally. The phrase "banian-days," which is still applied to days of fasting, more or less, has no connection with this tree. It originated from English sailors in former times having had no flesh-meat served out to them on one day in the week, and giving this day the name of "Banian"—a corruption of the Hindustani word *baniya*, which signifies a banker or trader, the class best known to them as abstaining from a flesh diet.

Dr. Carl Peters, the founder of German East Africa, has not let the grass grow under his feet in his new field of enterprise, to which, on the eve of his departure for the same, reference was made in *The Sketch* of Jan. 18. This enterprise has for its object the exploration and exploitation of the auriferous territories on the southern affluents of the Zambesi—the re-discovery, in fact, of those ancient and unexhausted mines alluded to by Mr. Cecil Rhodes in his recent great speech to the shareholders of the Chartered Company. But this time Dr. Peters is working more in the interest of England than of Germany, and a cablegram lately received in London from him, which had been carried by a native runner for three hundred miles, gives a most hopeful augury of his endeavour to locate the "Land of Ophir." Leaving Chindi towards the end of April at the head of his carefully selected and equipped expedition, the gallant and determined Peters ascended the Zambesi by means of a stern-wheel steamer, such as may be seen plying on the Nile, and he is now busily employed in prospecting for those "King Solomon's Mines" which, hitherto, have only existed for Englishmen in the romance of



Dr. Peters.

DR. CARL PETERS AND HIS PARTY ON THE ZAMBESI.

Mr. Rider Haggard, but which Dr. Peters is convinced he can discover in the field of reality. His second in command is Captain G. Silver, late of the "Black Watch," who is standing behind his chief, the central figure of the group which forms the illustration. The expedition

includes mining and commercial experts, and is escorted by a guard of native Somalis. It bodes well for the ultimate success of Dr. Peters' expedition that he has already discovered a mountain near the Zambesi, in Macombie's country, with ancient ruins similar to those of Zimbabwe, a quondam seat, no doubt, of King Solomon's miners and assayers.

I should like to invite the attention of those on whom the whisper "rare bird!" acts like "rats!" upon a terrier to a new American invention. This is a gun-camera. It has a stock like an ordinary gun, but the barrel is of leather and four inches in diameter. The chamber which in a gun would contain a cartridge holds a camera, whose shutter is manipulated by the trigger. You aim at your rare bird, pull the trigger, and expose a plate. If your snapshot has been true, you get a photograph of the quarry; if it has not, you don't, and the bird is none the worse in either event.

Thames anglers are somewhat exercised concerning the reported capture of a Thames trout said to weigh 17 lb. 3 oz., or over 2½ lb. heavier than the fish which has hitherto held the record (one of 14 lb. 9½ oz., killed in 1870 at Chertsey Weir). The fortunate captor is a working-man, who modestly withholds his name from an envious world—perhaps he is afraid of being "interviewed"—and he caught his prize at Radeot, near Oxford, on May 30. A Thames trout of exactly the same weight was caught near Kingston in 1897, and, having been carefully weighed, was returned alive to the water by the self-denying angler. Such a stroke of luck rarely falls to the lot of a Thames trout, or any other desirable fish for that matter.

Sweet Lavender, you may remember, declined to accept Mr. Phenyl's suggestion that she should take a week in the country. "The Temple is the



SHEEP-SHEARING IN HYDE PARK.

Photo by J. R. Johnson.

country," she replies. London, at least, is rustic enough for me. What between the dear old cows that stand at the dairy tents in St. James's Park, and the shearing of the sheep in Hyde Park, there is in London, for me at any rate, a perfect farmyard.

A French friend has sent me a copy of the new issue of the *Annuaire de la Vénérerie Française*, containing a descriptive account of the three hundred packs of hounds existing in France, and the names and addresses of men and women who hunt. The *Annuaire* throws curious light on French methods of hunting; our neighbours go about the business in much the same open-minded spirit that our ancestors did until a hundred and fifty years ago, or thereabouts. Quite five-sixths of the French packs hunt any animal their country offers from wild-boar or wolf to badger; wolves, by the way, are now scarce everywhere in the country. English and French hunting have grown up together, to a certain extent; our Plantagenet Kings imported instructors in the art of hunting from across the Channel, and Edward I., in 1279, sent Charles of Salerno some harriers that Prince had asked for.

A novel idea of insurance has been started by the Singers of sewing-machine fame. Here is the scheme in a nutshell—

To all cash buyers they undertake to give a new machine if the machine just purchased is destroyed by fire within twelve months. To all hirers who may take a machine at 2s. 6d. per week, a rate of payment which secures a reduction of 10s. in the price of the machine; or at 2s., which ensures a reduction of 7s. 6d. in the price; or at 1s. 6d., which secures a 5s. reduction in the price—they simply say, "If you will keep out of arrears and pay us the amount you agree to pay us, then in case of fire, or the death of the hirer, our claim on the machine shall cease." They also say: "If, after paying a guinea on any machine, you find, through hard times, sickness, or other adversity, that it is impossible to keep up your payments, we will give to you a concession or benefit coupon for a third of the sum you have paid, which can and will be credited when you find yourself in a position to renew the transaction. No charge is made for renovation, and a new machine would be supplied in connection with the second transaction—not a used or second-hand one."

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MISS MARGARET HALSTAN.

Her real name is Maude Hertz. Her father used to be a tea-broker in Mincing Lane and an amateur actor. She began her stage career as understudy to Miss Dorothea Baird in "Trilby" four years ago, and recently figured as the young Prince in Calderon's play, "Life's a Dream." This photograph was taken by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

THE CHURCH WHERE "ANTHONY HOPE'S" FATHER IS VICAR.

Thanks to the long-delayed policy of widening Fleet Street, St. Bride's and its beauties are for once opened up. St. Bride's is the parish church of the largest community of printers and journalists in the world. Within its spiritual jurisdiction lies the greater part of the kingdom of Bohemia. First, there is Fleet Street, still possessing as much variety to

the imagination as when Johnson declared, "You want a change, sir? Then take a walk down Fleet Street," and the same quaint characters as when Thackeray made his young friends, Pen and Warrington, thread its mazy by-ways to fame. And then to the right and left is an intricate network of dingy passages and minute squares, such as Wine Office Court, Gough Square, Salisbury Square, Gunpowder Alley, Parsons Court, Falcon Court, each thick with literary associations of such men as Milton, Johnson, Goldsmith, Baxter, Isaak Walton, Richardson. Added to this, St. Bride's parish has also comprised two prisons, Bridewell and the Fleet, the latter having held in security many distinguished prisoners, from Keys, who married the sister of Lady Jane Grey, and Richard Savage, to the immortal Mr. Pickwick.

Yet the church itself has always been singularly retiring, except in the matter of its "soaring spire." Tightly packed in by buildings on all sides, it has never courted the attentions of the rich and noble, for at no time since the Great Fire could anything more imposing than a sedan-chair or a perambulator approach its portals, though tradition says that early in the last century the fame of its peal of twelve bells caused Fleet Street to be "thronged with carriages full of gentry" to hear the chimes. Till 1824 there was no entrance to the church whatever except through a tiny passage leading out of Salisbury Square up to the great west-door. Then a fire broke out in some old houses, including a public-house in Fleet Street. Instead of rebuilding these, a public subscription was raised to keep the

Another interesting personality buried in St. Bride's is Robert Waithman, who till his death in 1833 lived over his linendraper's shop in Fleet Street, probably where the obelisk to his memory in Ludgate Circus now stands. An Alderman in 1818, he wrote several pamphlets, and, as his memorial tablet says, he was "a friend of liberty in evil times, and of Parliamentary reform in its adverse days." More interesting still, it was he who conducted the funeral-procession of Queen Caroline, wife of George IV., across London to Harwich for burial in Germany, and "by his coolness and courage prevented what might have been a riot, and possibly a massacre."

John Wilkes, whose obelisk in Ludgate Circus stands opposite to that of Waithman, they both having been Aldermen for the same Ward, might also be recalled, especially as his friend William Bingley, author of "Wilkes and Liberty," who contended with him against the Government, lies buried in the south side of the church.

Then there are monuments also to "James Molins, Master of Chyrurgery and Doctor of Physick, servant to their Majesties King James I. and King James II.," and one to Carey Stafford, "Founder of the Whitefriars Glass-works."

As to the Registers, they record the marriage of Francis Drake, and they tell something of the frightful mortality during the Plague, for whereas in September 1664 only 28 died in the parish, in September of the following year 628 persons died.

But the present Vicar of St. Bride's, the Rev. Edwards Comerford Hawkins, with his brilliant son, "Anthony Hope" (who contributes the story to the Summer Number of the *Illustrated London News* this year), are doing their best to focus the floating traditions of the place. The father has contributed largely to journalism, and the delightful books of the son are the possession of everyone. St. Bride's Institute, the stone of which was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1893, will also remain a fine monument of the Vicar's pastorate, for it utilises the funds of obsolete parish charities to support a Technical Printing School, Library, Gymnasium, and Swimming-Bath. The water of the bath is not, however, supplied from the famous old Bride Well, the nozzle of which still sticks out from the churchyard wall in Bride Lane. It must also, in these days when City parsons are so often non-resident, be remembered as a point for Mr. Hawkins that he actually lives in his parish, all the windows of the Vicarage overlooking Bride Place, for which privilege, by the way, something like £1 a-year is paid to the trustees of Bridewell. But, to return to the church, some distinction might be given to the Registers if Mr. "Anthony Hope" would add his name to them when he takes to himself a wife.

M. H. M.



ST. BRIDE'S FROM THE BACK.
Photo by Freeman Dovaston.

opening clear, and thus the church can now be approached from Fleet Street beside the engaging windows of Mr. Punch. Adjoining this modern passage some more Fleet Street houses are in process of being demolished, so that for the first time since St. Bride was rebuilt a view can be obtained of its exterior.

A church has existed here from the earliest times, since, indeed, the land was reclaimed from the marshy swamp caused by the overflowing of the Fleet River and the Thames; and it has always been known by the singular name of St. Bride, a corruption of St. Bridget; some say a Danish saint, reminding us of St. Clement Danes close by; others, an Irish saint, and in corroboration point to her figure in close contact with that of St. Patrick depicted in the great east-window. The former building was decorated by Viner, the Warden of the Fleet, with vines and grapes, in allusion to his name. It is suggested that, as it is now the parish church of the printer and journalist, who have a reputation for being somewhat bibulous, this decoration might appropriately be added to-day, for the interior badly needs redecorating, London "blacks" having covered its walls with multitudes of commas and semicolons. Of the old church nothing remains but the marble font, the Registers, the Communion-plate, and, in the churchyard, the entrance to an old vault bearing the arms of Holden, a friend of Pepys, and the date 1657. Another memory, in keeping with the subsequent history of the church, is of Wynken de Worde, "the famous printer and disciple of Caxton," who was buried within its walls. It is known, too, that Milton lodged for some time in a tailor's house overlooking the churchyard, though the house cannot be identified. Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier poet, doubtless attended some of the services of the church (though he is not buried there) when he lived in Gunpowder Alley, Shoe Lane, close by.

For a church, however, so closely associated, generation after generation, with the Bohemians, literary hacks, and celebrities living and working in the immediate neighbourhood, its records are singularly devoid of great names. But one man stands out pre-eminently, Samuel Richardson, the father of the modern novel, who lies beside his wife, two sons, and grandson, beneath the central aisle; the grey stone covering his last resting-place being covered by cocoanut-matting. "Here lieth the body of Mr. Samuel Richardson, of this parish." That is all. St. Bride's contains no worthy memorial of him; there is only a brass plate on the wall, put up at the bicentenary of his birth by Mr. Samuel Butterworth, another Fleet Street bookseller.



ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, AS SEEN BY MR. PUNCH.
Photo by Freeman Dovaston.

A CLEVER BOY ARTIST

There is a young man living at Lagny, a village no great distance from Paris, since an hour at the most in the train will enable you to view its sylvan beauties, who may some day attain to great eminence as a painter. Other young artists who have been filled, like himself, with a profound love of Nature have won fame. Why not M. Henri Cortès? Certainly he has not made a bad start, for in this year's Salon can be seen the first picture which he has had received at a really important exhibition, and it must be remembered he is not yet seventeen years of age.

A number of celebrated painters have had work received at important exhibitions when younger than seventeen. Turner was only fifteen years of age when, in 1790, he had on view at the Academy a water-colour of Lambeth Palace. But there is no great difference between fifteen and seventeen—the noteworthy fact to be observed is that a creditable piece of work has been done before manhood has been reached. And I think anyone who has seen M. Henri Cortès' "Le Labour" will agree with the French critics in declaring it to be a picture of which many older and more experienced artists might well be proud. There is something about this picture of a ploughman and his horses which reminds one of the Barbizon School. The same flat, straight horizon is there as in Millet's pictures painted on the Chailly Plain, and the upper part of the figure of the man specially reminds us of the work of the painter of the "Angelus." This is no "studio picture," but a work of a disciple of the *plein-air* school to whom Nature is "un livre toujours ouvert devant mes yeux et où il y a toujours à approfondir ses mystères"—"a book ever open before my eyes and in which the mysteries of Nature are ever to be fathomed."

The painter of "Le Labour" was born on Aug. 6, 1882. He went to school at five years of age and left at the age of thirteen, after having obtained the elementary education certificate. While at school, his playthings were not tops and marbles, but paint-brushes and a palette. It was evident, in fact, in which direction his tastes lay, so his parents encouraged him in every possible way. The boy entered the atelier of his father, also an artist, and from that day to this he has had

no other master than he, unless that master be the book of mysteries of which the young artist writes so reverently in one of his letters to me.

I have said that Henri Cortès may some day attain to great eminence as a painter. Many who have become celebrated in art have shown less promise than he shows at seventeen, and there is a modesty about him which indicates that he is hardly likely to be so well satisfied with early successes as to give up making greater efforts the older he gets. Like the *doyen* of French landscape-painters, Henri Harpignies, may he ever strive to paint better and better as time advances!

FREDERIC LEES.



A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO EXHIBITS
IN THE PARIS SALON.

THE FRIENDSHIPS OF DR. GUTHRIE.

Mr. C. T. Guthrie, Q.C., who has written lately of John Knox and his house in the Canongate, Edinburgh, and is joint author of the "Memoir of Thomas Guthrie, D.D.," has issued—as a filial tribute to a father whose memory still remains fragrant to many in both hemispheres—a neat and copiously illustrated brochure, "Thomas Guthrie, Preacher and Philanthropist." It is a pathetic circumstance that Mrs. Guthrie, the widow of Dr. Guthrie, and a drawing of whom, by Professor Herkomer, appears as frontispiece, has passed away just as the booklet was anew bringing her into notice. In reviewing the work and friendships of Dr. Guthrie, the son alludes to that triumph of oratory of his father, when, addressing an assemblage in the Grass Market of Edinburgh, presided over by the Duke of Argyll, he began by saying that it was not the first time an Argyll and a Guthrie had stood in the same place on a common platform. In Free St. John's, Dr. Guthrie had Hugh Miller as an office-bearer, and Laurence Oliphant as a teacher of one of his Bible-classes. Lord Macaulay, Thackeray, W. E. Gladstone, and Mr. Ruskin were frequent auditors of Guthrie's. One of the best illustrations in the brochure is that of Carlyle delivering his Rectorial Address at Edinburgh in 1866. It is reproduced from the *Illustrated London News*, and the portrait of Dr. Guthrie, on the lecturer's right-hand, of Sir David Brewster, and of Huxley and Tyndall, are excellent.



LE LABOUR.—BY HENRI CORTÈS.

IS BARING-GOULD AN IMITATOR?

In the preface to a novel, "Bladys of the Stewponey," which he recently published, Mr. Baring-Gould apologises for the incident of an executioner seeking a wife where he and his calling are unknown—a notion borrowed, as he is careful to announce, from Mor Jokai's "Pretty Michal." The author of "Mehalah" is the least Pharisaic of parsons or prosemen; yet, if some ill-deeming critic, having an eye to his previous intrusions with Jokai, were to tax him with here tithing mint and rue, while, Pharisee-like, he has omitted the weightier matters of the law, even so subtle a casuist as he must, we should think, feel puzzled how to reply. For there is no evading the fact that Mr. Baring-Gould, who showed an honourable alacrity in acknowledging a trifling debt to Jokai, did in 1883 publish under his own name, and without a hint in title or preface of its true provenance, a West Country tale—characterised, according to the *Times* of the day, by "unusual originality and power"—whereof the main plot and framework are, with such modifications as the transference of scene implies, taken from a Hungarian romance of Jokai's then unknown in this country. I refer to "John Herring"—a story which, if we except certain brilliant but more or less extraneous characters and episodes added by the "author," may be fittest described as a skilful adaptation of Jokai's "Az Arámy Ember," or—to quote the title by which, since its translation in 1888, it is best known to English readers—of "Timar's Two Worlds."

In dealing with cases of remarkable resemblance in books, it is rash to infer copying from a similarity, however strict, of the central idea. We must not conclude, for instance, that George Eliot borrowed from Kraszewski merely because the main idea of "Jermola the Potter"—the redemption of a forlorn soul by means of a little child—is that of "Silas Marner" also. But where not only this germinal idea, but even the very sequence of events in the earlier, reappears in the later book, there, we may rest assured, borrowing has taken place. Now, not only are the two stories we are here concerned with coincident in both these respects, but several memorable scenes in "Timar" are reproduced, even to slight details, in "John Herring." This, by parallel quotations, I shall prove presently. Meanwhile, the following descriptive list of characters common to both books will illustrate their essential identity of plot and structure—

ALI TSCHORBADSCH BEY (*James Strange, of Brazil*): travelling with his daughter TIMÉA (*Mirelle*) in the company of TIMAR (*Herring*). He dies on the way, naming ATHANAS BRASOVICS (*Sampson Trampleasure*) guardian of his child, and leaving behind him (besides a small fortune) a secret hoard of jewels.

TIMÉA (*Mirelle Strange*), a dark-eyed, raven-haired snow-maiden—beautiful, but silent and seemingly cold. Deceived as to her wealth, she weds TIMAR (*Herring*), to whom she believes she owes everything, resolutely strangling her passion for KATSCHUKA (*Trecarrel*).

ATHANAS BRASOVICS, merchant (*Sampson Trampleasure, lawyer*): cousin of ALI (*James Strange*), guardian of TIMÉA (*Mirelle*), whose fortune he embezzles, and oppressor of the BELLOVARYS (*Battishills*). Ruined by TIMAR (*Herring*), he dies on the very day fixed for his daughter ATHALIE'S (*Orange's*) marriage to KATSCHUKA (*Trecarrel*).

ATHALIE BRASOVICS (*Orange Trampleasure*): betrothed to KATSCHUKA (*Trecarrel*), who defaults on her father's death. Later on, when proffered a dowry by TIMAR (*Herring*), she rejects marriage with her old lover and elects to live with (as a spy on) TIMÉA (*Mirelle*).

LIEUTENANT KATSCHUKA (*Captain Trecarrel*): betrothed to ATHALIE (*Orange*), but smitten with and beloved by TIMÉA (*Mirelle*).

THEODOR KRISSTYAN (*S. Trampleasure junior*): the cowardly persecutor of the BELLOVARYS (*Battishills*), and the craven enemy of TIMAR (*Herring*). His body, dressed in TIMAR'S (*Herring's*) clothes, is found in the Danube (the sea off Cornwall), and is interred for the body of TIMAR (*Herring*).

THÉRÈSE BELLOVARY (*Squire Battishill*): ruined by BRASOVICS (*Trampleasure*), lives retired on the Ownerless Island (West Wyke, a little island-homestead on Dartmoor) with an only daughter, named

NOËMI (*Cicely*), a blue-eyed, golden-haired, rosy-cheeked Hebe—the very opposite of TIMÉA (*Mirelle*), with whom she divides the heart of TIMAR (*Herring*).

ALMIRA, a Newfoundland (*Joyce Cobbledick*, a half-savage moorland maid), guardian of the Ownerless Island (West Wyke): she fights a desperate battle with THEODOR KRISSTYAN (*Trampleasure junior*).

MICHAEL TIMAR (*John Herring*): a youth sans kith or kin, of simple birth, but intrepid, chivalrous, romantic. Travelling with ALI and TIMÉA (*Strange and Mirelle*), on the father's death he takes *ad interim* charge of the daughter, whom he conveys to the house of her guardian. Soon after, he abandons his calling and constitutes himself TIMÉA'S (*Mirelle's*) unofficial guardian and administrator of her secret wealth. He becomes the welcome guest, counsellor, and protector of the BELLOVARYS (*Battishills*), who had sheltered the belated travellers. Later on he weds TIMÉA (*Mirelle*), but, finding her love irrevocably given to another, he abides her husband in name only, and ultimately disappears and betakes himself to the Ownerless Island (West Wyke). A drowned man dressed in clothes of his having been taken out of the Danube (the sea off Cornwall), he is reported dead by misadventure, and the body is duly buried by his (supposed) widow.

One of the cleverest strokes in Mr. Baring-Gould's amazingly clever performance is the substitution of the autochthonous savage, Joyce Cobbledick, for the noble beast Almira. The story proper begins in each book alike with the journey of the three fellow-travellers, ALI, TIMÉA, and TIMAR (*Strange, Mirelle, Herring*); but, by prefixing a chapter in his most striking vein on the origin, prehistoric settlements, and subsequent migrations of the Cobbledick race, the novelist has veiled this initial similarity in the most effective manner possible. One or two parallel extracts are subjoined. The first describes Athalie (*Orange*) dressing for her bridal—

JOKAI.

Timéa stood as if petrified. . . . Mirelle had the strength to repress
"Come, Timéa," said Athalie; "I her tears. . . . "Try on the orange
only waited for you. Come and put wreath and the veil, child. . . .

BARING-GOULD.

JOKAI.

on my veil. . . . "Timéa took the veil with stiffened fingers, and went towards Athalie. It was to be fastened to her hair with a golden arrow.

Timéa's hand trembled, and the arrow was heavy: it would not go through the thick hair. At an impatient movement of Athalie's its blunt point pricked the lovely bride's head slightly.

"You are too stupid for anything," cried Athalie angrily, and struck Timéa on the hand. Her eyebrows contracted. Scolded, struck, on such a day. . . . Two heavy drops formed in her eyes, and rolled down her white cheek. . . .

Athalie tried to excuse her hastiness by her feverish excitement. A bride may be pardoned if she is nervous and irritable at the last moment. . . .

On the night of the following day, Athalie (*Orange*), in desperation, ventures alone to the abode of her fiancé—

Frau Sophie and Timéa are sleeping. . . . Athalie finds the key of the street-door, and creeps out. . . . into the dark streets. She takes the road to the Promenade. It is a region of evil reputation, a dark lane in which, at night, fallen women loiter. . . .

In walking quickly, Athalie stumbled over something. It was a ragged woman, quite drunk. . . . The half-human creature gave vent to filthy curses. Athalie stepped aside. . . . and found herself under the gloom of the trees. Through the juniper bushes shone a ray from a lighted window. Athalie followed that guiding star. . . . Her hand trembled as she raised the knocker. . . . Katschuka started up in alarm. He was not prepared for a lady's visit; the three top buttons of his violet tunic were unbuttoned, and he had laid aside his horsehair cravat. Athalie remained standing at the door. . . . "In Go!s name, Fräulein, what are you doing here? What are you here for?" She could not speak. . . . He did not embrace her. "Sit down, Fräulein," said he, leading her to the sofa, and then his first care was to put on his cravat again.

"Sir," she said with a quivering voice. . . . "We are now very poor, but there may be some favourable turn in our lot. . . . Take me to your mother, and let me stay with her as your betrothed. I will wait for you till you fetch me away, and will be a good daughter to your mother."

"Alas, Fräulein, that is, unhappily, quite impossible. You little know my mother. She is an ambitious woman. . . . and loves no one. She is a baroness by birth, and has never consented to this union. She would not come to our marriage. I could not take you to her, Fräulein—on your account I have quarrelled with her."

Athalie's breast heaved feverishly, her face glowed. . . . Katschuka dared not meet the speaking eyes of the lovely woman. . . . She whispered, "I am already so deeply humiliated that no shame can bring me lower; I have no more to lose in this world. . . . I belong not to myself, but to you—say, what shall I be to you? I have lost my senses, and all is the same to me; kill me, if you choose—I will not stir." [Katschuka declines this offer, bidding her go to her uncle in Belgrade.]

Athalie wrapped herself in her cloak and hurried away. She ran home through the darkness. As she passed, she stumbled again over the same female figure as it lay on the stones. This time it did not wake or curse her. What sound sleep these wretches enjoy! . . .

BARING-GOULD.

"There is a pin with a large Cornish crystal in the head," said Orange; "put it in my hair and fasten my wreath with it." Mirelle did not, could not, speak. . . .

"Do you know, you pale-faced witch, I was at one time almost jealous of you. . . . But Harry never really cared for you; he told me so; he was only playing. Good heavens, Mirelle!" Orange sprang up, and the tears—tears of pain—started into her eyes. In a moment, in a flash of passion, she struck Mirelle on the cheek with her open hand. . . . Then Mirelle burst into tears. She had an excuse for them. She had been struck.

"I am sorry," said Orange; "but really you hurt me. Look at the blood, and convince yourself. I did not mean to strike you; but the pain was sharp, and I forgot myself. . . ."

Orange waited till all had gone to bed. Then she softly descended the stairs. . . . and stepped forth on the gravel.

The street was deserted; only a low tavern at the end had the door open, and a light shone forth into the road. In that gleam a young woman. . . . was laughing and romping with two nearly tipsy young men. The language, the gestures were gross and disgusting. . . . Orange. . . . ran along the road. . . . "She be going after her young man down to the lane end," cried the girl. Orange's cheek burned. That was true—hatefully true. . . .

When she reached the house, she saw a light from the smoking-room. . . . Orange went to the window. . . .

Trecarrel started up. The door opened, and Orange came in. He had been seated over his fire, with his cravat off. . . .

"Bless my soul, Orange! What on earth has brought you here?" . . . She was out of breath and choking with emotion. . . . "Come over to the fire; you must be cold. . . . This is most indiscreet of you, Orange. . . . It is wrong—it is indelicate." He was fitting on his cravat as he spoke. . . .

"Harry!" she gasped, "Harry, I love you!" He did not put out his arms to. . . . take her to his heart. "See, Harry, I am poor now, but it may not always be so. . . . You have an aunt in Penzance; take me to her. I will live with her. . . . till this trouble. . . . is past, and then you shall marry me from her house."

"That is not possible, Orange. My aunt strongly disapproved of my engagement. . . . Our families are so wide apart in the social scale. My aunt is very proud of her race, and you know your stock is not—well, neither ancient nor gentle. . . . My aunt is very stiff in these matters. I cannot force you into her house; so you see this scheme is impracticable also. . . ."

Then her cheek and brow became crimson.

"Harry, I am sunk so low that I care not what the world says and what becomes of me. I will stay here; you shall not send me away. I have no pride left. Let me be a poor serving-maid. . . . and work for you. If the world talks, let it—I defy it!"

Trecarrel sprang back. This was indeed madness; she must be cured.

"Orange," he said, "I am too honourable to listen to such words with composure. Go back whence you came. . . ."

Then she turned to the door. All hope was gone. . . .

She hurried into the road. . . . [and] ran back to Launceston. As she passed the low public-house, she stumbled over something. It was the young woman, lying drunk in the road. . . .

Such parallels might be quoted by the score. "John Herring" is an admirable and a perfectly legitimate bit of work. But it is not a work "of unusual originality"; it is, in the main, an adaptation of "Az Arámy Ember"—a fact which either title-page or preface ought undoubtedly to have disclosed.

T. HUTCHINSON.

NAPOLEON FROM FIRST TO LAST.



STATUE OF NAPOLEON IN THE PLACE BUONAPARTE.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH NAPOLEON WAS BORN.

Sunday was the eighty-fourth anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. At the present moment the crisis in France, largely created by the absence of such a compeller as Buonaparte, makes his career of exceptional interest. Indeed, the *Figaro Illustré* has just issued a beautiful Centenary Number commemorative of Marengo. It is printed in colours, and contains one of the best portraits of Napoleon I have ever seen, together with the best work that Myrbach can do. In view of Waterloo Day, I reproduce scenes (photographed by officers of our Army) commemorative of Napoleon from his cradle in Corsica to his grave on lonely St. Helena.

Ajaccio, the town in Corsica where the Buonapartists had settled early in the sixteenth century, is immensely proud of Napoleon, and shows the house in which he was born on Jan. 7, 1768. His deportation to the lonely island of St. Helena has a curious interest at this moment in view of the Dreyfus Case. It was on Oct. 15, 1815, that he arrived at the island on board the *Northumberland*, and, six months later, Sir Hudson Lowe was placed



THE LADDER HILL AT ST. HELENA.
Napoleon spent years as our prisoner on the island.

over him as his jailer. Napoleon had only six more years to run, and the story of that period makes melancholy reading.

One of the most interesting sights at St. Helena is the famous ladder which forms a short cut from Jamestown to Ladder Hill, where the Artillery and Engineers are stationed. The picture shows the sea-front and James Bay. The open space at the foot of the ladder is known as the Square, and is flanked by the Castle, various Government Offices, the Ordnance Yard, the Custom House, the Civil Jail, and other buildings. Ladder Hill, which is 600 ft. high, is reached by a winding stair of 699 steps. This makes a long climb, and so it is that the natives have developed a curious leg-swing to obviate the tiring of their muscles. The descent is best accomplished by the traveller running down with one hand on each rail. Sometimes, however, you may see an adventurous gunner sliding from the top to the bottom like a flash, with an arm and a leg on each rail. The ladder has been reconstructed by the Royal Engineers during the present century.



THE ROOM IN WHICH NAPOLEON WAS BORN.



THE BEDROOM OF NAPOLEON'S MOTHER.

AMONG THE CHESS-MEN.

There are more exhilarating ways of spending a hot June evening than watching a Chess Tournament. The spectacle is not one to attract the multitude, and perhaps it is just as well, for no way has yet been devised of enabling a hundred people to watch a single chess-board with comfort to themselves and without inconvenience to the player. So, if you drop into the St. Stephen's Hall one of these nights, you will find no enthusiastic crowd and no excitement to speak of. Round one or two of the boards there will be a knot of deeply interested spectators who do not mind staring at the squares for ten minutes though not a man is moved. Few remarks are made, and these with bated breath. The players never open their lips, seldom lift their heads.

You will also experience a shock of disillusionment at the appearance of the players. If chess is anything, it is a combat of intellects; but the Masters do not look in the least intellectual. Their brows do not protrude, their bumps seem fairly average assortments, and their hats are not of extra-large size. They are, in fact, a most ordinary-looking set of individuals. Perhaps the handsomest are Lasker and Janowski, who both have youth on their side; and Maroczy appears to be the tallest and most athletic. The rest seem stunted and wear a worried look. You cannot blame them when you think what six or eight hours of chess daily means for six weeks of a hot London summer.

Chess-players do not seem to wear well, with the exception, perhaps, of Blackburne, who takes things most philosophically of the lot. Steinitz's easiest victim would not call him beautiful. He has, indeed, after you get used to him, a certain thunderous aspect about the brows which you associate with the conventional Jove; you detect something gnarled and ponderous about those temples of his, with which he frowns dreadfully at you if he chances to look up from the board and catch your eye. He is short-sighted, and when he notes his move on the marking-sheet, he holds the paper up close to his right eye. He is also lame, and, in the intervals of play, hobbles about among the boards with a stick. Though the word "veteran" is so inseparably associated with him, his hair is not white, but brown and straggling. He smokes perpetually—cigars; and sometimes you find a tumbler beside him, so that he perhaps subscribes to Mr. Blackburne's theory of beverages.

Mr. Blackburne himself looks the part of the veteran well. His photographs give him something of the appearance of a Scottish Free Kirk elder, but his real aspect is much more genial. To Fate—so far as that word applies to the chess-board—he presents an immovable front. Nothing bewilders or flurries him. He has a constant solace in his pipe. I do not believe he could play chess without it. A peculiarity of the pipe is that it requires so much lighting. Towards the "end-game," when Blackburne really begins to think, the pipe goes out between each move, and about the eighth hour of a Ruy Lopez Blackburne is generally to be found with a great heap of ash on the floor at the left side and an equal mountain of burned matches to the right.

Tschigorin, one of the most interesting of chess personalities, might almost be taken for a prosperous bank-manager. He is really the very Rupert of Chess; there is nothing so daring that he will not attempt it, no opponent so formidable that he will not take liberties with him. That is the reason why he so seldom gains first-prizes. He does not smoke, but he has a curious habit, common to many chess-players, of incessantly moving his left foot. The curious little quiver goes on for hours together. It has a counterpart in the visible beating of the pulse in his temple. Tschigorin, who is very dark, does not take his game so seriously as some, and you can even find the ghost of a smile on his lips when he has got his adversary into a tight corner.

Lasker, for all his successes, has not yet learned repose. He is the most restless of all the players. He has the foot-quivering habit, but that is only one sign of his tension. His legs are as supple, his attitudes as fantastic, as Mr. Balfour's. Now one leg, now the other, over the arm of his chair; now with legs crossed—again, with them stretched agonisedly behind or straddling apart. Lasker also smokes. He wears an eye-glass and a flower, and is generally one of the best-dressed of the Masters, which is not saying much. I hope no emissary from the *Tailor and Cutter* will stray into St. Stephen's Hall this month.

Pillsbury is very young, and has the smooth face proper to that condition. He might be taken at the first glance for a clever young journalist. Look closer at him, and you will observe a curious delicacy, almost feminine, about the eyes and forehead. One would infer a very sensitive, nervous organisation. There is no doubt that the progress of the game is a matter of tremendous interest to him. He is one of the few players whose face shows no relaxation of anxiety during the opponent's move. For the most part, his eye never wanders from the board, and he plays as if his life or death depended on the next move.

Among the quiet players are Schlechter—whom a punster has called the "Drawing Master," so great is his talent for dividing honours—and Cohn, whose good-humour of visage nothing will cloud. Janowski has no particular mannerisms as yet; but Tinsley seeks to propitiate fortune by polishing his scalp with the palm of his hand in moments of high pressure. He is, however, one of those courteous combatants who shake hands after they have been defeated. He will even run through the game again for his better instruction.

It is sad to have to say it, but all the Masters do not take reverses so philosophically. There are few things so difficult to take smiling as a defeat at chess, for, remember, there is absolutely nothing to blame but yourself. Your game is your own doing entirely, and neither weather, nor war, nor any other circumstance whatever, can affect it in any way.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The sentiment and the worship of Empire have brought into vogue an entirely new kind of story-book. Men who have roamed about our colonies and dependencies, seen a good deal of strange life, watched our relations with natives, and our persistent efforts to keep our place and authority, have quickly enough found out that their slightest experiences are of more interest to people at home than anything else at the present moment. They have also found that people at home are not in the least fastidious about the manner of the telling. The expected result has come to pass. We are overrun with books of genuine interest as containing first-hand impressions of Indian or colonial life, but they are presented in the shape of raw material. To literary skill or dramatic effect there is no pretension at all. You want the actual life, they seem to say, of those who are governing your dark-skinned subjects, or raising your mutton, or fighting your foes. Well, here it is, rough, as it should be. But the popularity of such books has allowed their writers even a greater latitude. They may even be dull and quite pointless, if they introduce troopers, or Boers, or Sikhs, and if, instead of John Smith, they tell us of Mirza Beg. The faintest reminiscence is enough to spin a yarn about; the slightest, tamest anecdote is presented with a shameless baldness, and, in the name of the Queen and country, or something of that kind, we are expected to glow with pride and admiration, and be glad that the freshness of new lands blows on our degenerate minds and effete literature. It is a little hard, perhaps, to write thus in introducing Mr. Edgar Jepson and Captain Beames's "On the Edge of the Empire" (Heinemann). Their book is better-written than most of its kind, and it does contain some good stories. But they have included among these some sketches and tales so halt and lame and blind, so tasteless and so dreary, that, were they told us at a dinner-table, our attention would wander, and did we hear them over the fire we should fall asleep. The writers and their fellows are flattering themselves, doubtless, that yarns about Kesar Singh and Mohammed Something Else must be picturesque. In the name of the Prophet, no!

Mr. Martin Pritchard made something of a sensation with his first novel, "Without Sin." But "The Passion of Rosamund Keith" (Hutchinson) will make none. Rosamund, indeed, a pleasant English girl, had no passion at all worth mentioning—though she liked a young man quite warmly, and stuck to him when he was in disgrace. When the story was showing itself to be rather tepid and tame, Mr. Pritchard evidently grew desperate, and resolved to make adventures and manufacture passion at any price. His hero and his heroine—both polite London people, of the sort who ought always to live in the Season, and then sleep till the next—he leads the strangest, wildest dance to the utmost mountain fastnesses in Europe; and, as if the snowing-up of such elegant folks for a whole winter were not enough, he then, coolly and blasphemously, causes Rosamund to be crucified at the hands of superstitious peasants. The result is, he has written a disgusting chapter, quite in vain. Our interest is lashed and lashed, till finally it grows rebellious and runs away. Mr. Pritchard had better lie fallow for a while, or give to his stories mediæval names and dates, and then melodramatic absurdities wouldn't matter; we are none of us sensitive about the reputation of the Middle Ages.

A history of "Bohemian Literature" suggests to the frivolous mind only Murger, the annals of the *Quartier*, vagabond songs, and rhymes of the "cafés chantants." But Count Lützow's book on the subject, in the "Literature of the World" Series (Heinemann), is a good deal less amusing, and perhaps even less useful. It is one of the many books that has to get written for the sake of those orderly people who cannot endure vacuums in library catalogues. We have had no means of knowing what Bohemia, the real and prosaic Bohemia, has produced in a literary way. The idea of our lack seemed shocking; but now we know that it need not have disturbed anybody. It is a comforting thought that the language need not be added to Norwegian and Russian in the list of linguistic accomplishments of a cultured modern man or woman. As the historian owns, "many forms of literature are scarcely represented in Bohemian." There is no drama worth speaking of. The primitive poetry is not very striking. Till the present century there was no more; and the lyrics of to-day and yesterday have no very strong flavour. The Bohemians have always had active theologians, and a good crop of historians and savants—respectable, useful, and not of world-wide interest. A little monograph might have contained the record of all that is of value to English readers; but proportion has been sacrificed to symmetry in the series, and Count Lützow, by dint of translations—good ones—has made his volume equal in size to those dealing with the literature of Greece or Italy or Spain.

That indefatigable and clever compiler, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, has written for our edification a life of "The Good Queen Charlotte" (Downey). There is not much new matter in it. The Harcourt Letters have been of service, of course; but, after all, the brightest pages of the book are those taken from the inimitable diary of Fanny Burney. The good Queen was a dowdy personage. Her Court was an ungracious and very dull place. She had all the domestic virtues, and retained her daughters' affection and respect in spite of, perhaps even because of, her persistence in treating them as children till they were middle-aged. She is the kind of woman a romance-writer could not have made tragic, and yet tragedy rose with her, sat with her for years and years, and she bore her troubles with a stalwart fortitude in which there is real grandeur. There was nothing dramatic about her, and so she has missed being the heroine of romance.

THE MANŒUVRES OF JANE MAY.



These pictures, taken by Messrs. Ellis and Walery, of Baker Street, W., give you some idea of the range of Mlle. May's art, which is admirably illustrated by her impersonations—notably of Sarah Bernhardt as Hamlet—in "Pot-Pourri," at the Avenue Theatre.

HOW AND WHAT THE RUSSIANS WORSHIP.

To Western Europeans, Russian religious ceremonies appear to be steeped in superstition and idolatrous in the extreme; unless the æsthetic sense be awakened by the gorgeous ritual of colour and song of the Russo-Greek Church, all the bowing, crossing, and kissing of holy images which takes place must seem so much child's-play to the astonished outsider.



THE WANDERING IKON.

The chief symbol of this church, which claims to be the one unchanged and unchangeable "Bride of Christ," is the Ikon, or holy image, which may be met with anywhere and everywhere. This strange sacred picture is a distinctly primitive-looking production, Byzantine in style, painted in dull colours on wooden panels, vague in outline, but curiously fascinating in its angularity and aloofness. To enhance its beauties, which might otherwise be considered too severe, it is more or less covered with metal plaques, which vary greatly, and run

up the scale from gilded tin to jewelled gold. Sometimes the Virgin's halo only is of metal, or it may be the robe of St. Nicholas or any other saint considered worthy of figuring on the ikonostasis. But the miracle-working Ikon is sumptuously clothed in gold and jewels, the face alone being visible; and perhaps one foot may be bare, in order to leave a

done to encourage him in the way he should go. The Ikon represents the Almighty; therefore Ikons abound—the churches are crowded with them; in fact, the ikonostasis, or screen, which divides the body of the church from the altar, is entirely covered with these holy images. They are to be found in every room in every house, in little wayside chapels in town and country, and during the autumn months they may be met with wandering along the rough, dusty roads, sauntering from village to village in the care of long-haired, dirty monks (cleanliness being considered ungodly), until the fall of the first snow, when they return to their own particular monastery or church by train—a more comfortable but less holy way of travelling.

The Wandering Ikon in the illustration is a painting of the Virgin Mary, with metal halo and frame, gold and silver necklaces, crosses, and amulet. In its journeyings it had gathered together a curious collection of headkerchiefs (a special feature in the Russian peasant-woman's costume), homespun linen and towels, all of which were hung over the rail placed in front of the image for that purpose. It is a very ordinary thing for the peasants to present their offerings in kind, money being a rare commodity with the majority. The villages through which the Ikon is to pass are decked out in holiday attire. In front of each log-hut there is a table with a white cloth, and on this cloth a big loaf of black bread and salt-cellar full of salt await the arrival of the wanderer. The priest who officiates on these occasions is robed in his white gown, and murmurs unintelligible prayers as he wends his way from hut to hut, sprinkling each one with holy oil, while the inhabitants bow repeatedly, throw back their heads, and make the sign of the cross three times running, then kneel down and touch the ground with their heads, in token of humiliation, after which they rise to kiss the cross which the priest holds in his right hand. The priest and his attendant monks in the meantime keep an eye on the bread and salt, which is swept off the tables by the latter, who also vigorously rattle tin money-boxes as a gentle reminder to those whose homes have been blessed that even blessings can never be had for nothing.

The entrance of the Ikon into a town is generally timed to take place on a holy-day, for then everyone turns out, and the wanderer is borne forth in triumph. It certainly is a curious scene; each separate individual wildly bobs up and down, repeatedly making the sign of the cross, while an occasional fanatic will throw himself face downwards on the ground to let the holy image pass over him, that he may be for ever



ENTRANCE OF THE WANDERING IKON INTO ZVENIGOROD.

convenient spot for the worshippers to kiss, for worshippers, in a fine frenzy of religious ecstasy, have been known to kiss away the precious jewels, which, being holy, apparently melted in the process.

The piety of the Russian peasant is a universally acknowledged fact, and so well have the priests understood this that everything has been

blessed. Holy-days are rigorously observed by the holiday-loving Russian, and, as each month possesses about a dozen of these "fêtes," marked in large red figures on the almanack, he is comparatively free to indulge in what he considers his bounden duty, namely, go to church, welcome the Ikon when wandering, and get drunk.



MISS COMPTON AS MRS. BULMER IN "WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS," AT THE COURT.

This picture, taken by Messrs. Downey, of Ebury Street, shows Mrs. Bulmer in the act of breaking open the cupboard in the room of Vartrey, to purloin the sentimental letter which her sister-in-law, Lady Curtoys, had written to Vartrey in a foolish moment, and which he holds as a sort of blackmail.

THE WRINKLES OF THE CÆSARS PICTURED IN ELIZABETHAN ENGLISH.

In the year 1606, Philemon Holland paraphrased Suetonius, and gave us his "History of Twelve Cæsars." This quaint work has been republished by Mr. David Nutt in Mr. Henley's "Tudor Translations," with an introduction by the vivacious Mr. Charles Whibley. The



DOMITIAN, THE CRUEL EMPEROR.
In the Vatican Museum.

Roman gossip had much in common with Mr. Pepys. But while the one mercilessly unveils himself, the other takes a batch of Cæsars, and portrays them—"wrinkles, warts, and all." No sense of the divinity which hedged them here and hereafter stays the pen of Suetonius as he details with graphic brevity their physical and moral deformities, their bald pates, their shrunken shanks, their nameless vices. The son of a military tribune, born—we know not where—near the beginning of the reign of Vespasian, he lived under Domitian, Trajan, and Hadrian, thus covering a period from the latter part of the first century to the middle of the second. The younger Pliny says of him: "He was my comrade and the companion of my school-days," and the influence of the Proprætor secured for his friend, who had made no happy marriage, the *jus trium liberorum*, although he had not the requisite number of three children to warrant that privilege. Some indiscretion at Court was paid for by forfeiture of the post of private secretary to Hadrian, but, perchance, there came thereby freedom for the writing of various works, the most important of which, as a history which is no drum-and-trumpet record of the time, is the "Vitæ Duodecim Cæsarum." In this he disregards alike chronological order and the artifices of rhetoric, compelling attention by the masterly portraits which, with few and rapid touches, he produces. And, in truth, he disregards not merely chronological order, but much discourse on many of the affairs of State and other high topics that would arrest the ear and move the pen of the ordinary courtly chronicler. For, as has been said, he is of the spirit of Pepys, not of Tacitus or Plutarch. Ignoring, or dwelling but slightly, on the renown of the great Dictator as warrior and lawgiver, Suetonius records that the "deformity" of the bald head of Julius "was oftentimes subject to the scoffes and scornes of backbiters and slanderers. Hee tooke the same exceedingly to the heart (what a human touch is there!), and, therefore, he had usually draune downe his haire that grew but thin from the crowne toward his forehead." As for Augustus, he was "full of spotted dispersed for the manner, order, and number like unto the starres of the celestiall beare," nor was he "very sound in his left knucklebone, thigh, and legge," while his teeth "grew thin in his head" and his "eares were of a mean bigness." The details of his "vicious and wanton life," told in Holland's virile English, cannot have reference here; but a note of vanity is struck in the Emperor's habit of singeing "his legges with red-hot Walnutshells to the end the haire might come up softer." The "pale and wan-coloured" Caligula, "of bloudy nature and incontinence," had "haire of hed so thinne, but in all parts else haire so shagged, that it was taken for an hainous and capitall offence to looke upon him as

he passed by from an higher place, or once but to name a Goate upon any occasion whatever." It was this Emperor who "suborned a mightier adversarie" to kill the "great Prelat stiled K. Nemorensis," about whom Philemon Holland gives a note indicating how unknown in his day was the deep significance of an act which is the main theme of Mr. Frazer's "Golden Bough." Claudius, "lanke of body," walked as if his "hams, being feeble, failed him," and with "froth and slaver at the mouth," with "stutted and stammered speech," and "nose evermore dropping," gives place, in Suetonius, to the professional poisoner "of loose life and filthinesse," the yellow-faced Nero, "foul of skinne, and with body full of specks and freckles," fit tabernacle of the leprous soul. And so, in undress, as with Augustus, clad in homespun, these masters of the legions of Rome and of her colossal Empire, these slaves of horrible lust and authors of blackest crime—Galba the unhappy, Vitellius the gluttonous, Vespasian the covetous, and Domitian the cruel—defile before us in the pages of the man whom the Augustan historian, Vopiscus, commends as "a most finished and impartial writer" (*emendatissimus et candidissimus scriptor*). There seems to have been no approach to physical beauty among the dozen, and, in contrast to their moral worthlessness, there is, for those who watch the comedy of life, humour in the apotheosis of a scoundrel like Caligula. "Canonized, he was a Saint in heaven," says Suetonius, while when the "easie death" of Augustus came to him, there "wanted not a grave personage, one that had been Pretor, who affirmed and bound it with an oath, that he saw his very image, when he was burnt, ascending up to heaven."

Of Holland himself, the "Translator-Generall in his age," as Fuller calls him, it may be told that he was a Chelmsford man, born in 1552. He had reached middle life before he settled as a doctor in Coventry, where, his scholarship telling against his surgery, he became tutor in the Grammar School, waiting a long twenty years before his appointment as its Head Master. When, in 1617, King James visited the city, Philemon Holland was selected as orator, being clad, for worthy presentment before his Sovereign, in a "suit of black satteen" which cost £11 1s. 11d. Fifteen years later, on his retirement, he received a pension of £3 6s. 8d.

Skilled in many languages, and a scholar to the core, he spent no mean part of a life which, with enjoyment of health and clearness of faculties to the last, closed in his eighty-fourth year, in translations of "Plutarch's Morals," "Ammianus Marcellinus," and other classics, among which his Suetonius has foremost rank. In stately, although prolix, fashion, he sustains the repute of the select company who number North and Florio as leaders, and if he gives us, after the fashion of Chapman and FitzGerald, a paraphrase rather than a translation, the spirit of the original has not evaporated in the process. Holland, Mr. Whibley testifies, "played his part in the re-birth of England, remaining the first translator of his age, and, if the Bible is the Shakspeare of translations, then Philemon Holland is the ingenious Ben Jonson of a splendid craft."



THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS WAS VAIN.
In the Lateran Museum.

MY LORD THE ELEPHANT AT EARL'S COURT.

From Photographs by Curzon, Robey, and Co., Oxford Street, W.



These elephants perform in the Empress Theatre, Earl's Court, and their "act" is one of the best features in the entertainment. Their evolutions are executed with real grace, and are done merely at the word of command. They play a little drama, in which their trainer is fired upon and is supposed to be killed. One big elephant falls in the fray, and is apparently dead. The other large elephants carry off the motionless body of the man, and are followed by "Queenie"—the baby—with a flag of truce and a marvellous limp, for she has been badly wounded in the mimic warfare. The four large elephants were purchased in Hyderabad, despite much opposition from local bidders, by Mr. Frank E. Fills, for 2500 rupees each. Their ages vary from seven to thirteen years, and their average weight is two tons. "Queenie" was sent out to Mr. Fills from India to Africa, and cost £150. She is so clever that she is worth her weight—about half-a-ton—in gold. The trainer of these docile beasts, who can do all sorts of ordinary circus tricks in addition to their Earl's Court play, which is the invention of Mr. Fills, is Mr. Harry Mooney.



HOW WE BUILT UP THE EMPIRE.

THE CENTENARY OF SERINGAPATAM AND THE TRIUMPH OVER TIPPOO.

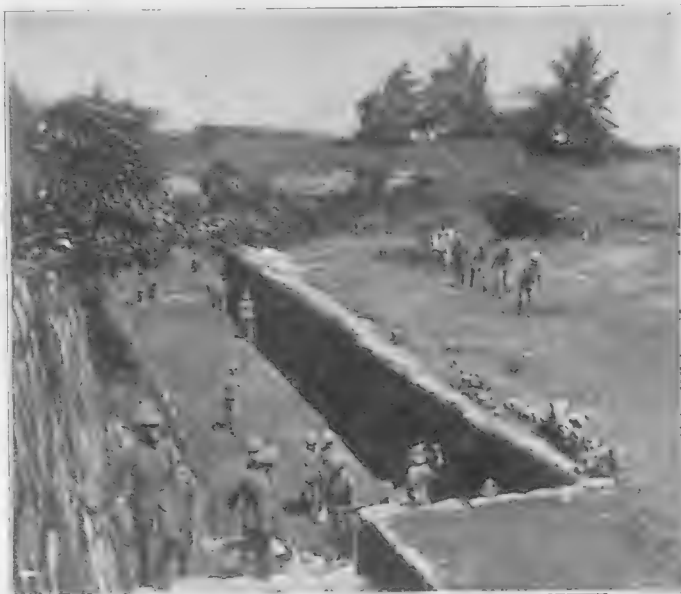


The Sally Port of the inner wall (photographed by De Tufo, Bangalore), where Tippoo made his final stand and was killed.



The stately Tomb (pictured by Armourer-Sergeant Price) in which Tippoo is buried.

An admirable attempt to teach Tommy the reason of his presence in India was made on May 4, when eight officers and two hundred men of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment visited Seringapatam, and were told the history of its fall exactly a hundred years ago. Hyder Ali defeated us in the war of 1767-9, but was beaten in a second campaign, 1778-82. Another war (1790-2) ended in Tippoo (his son) yielding us half of his kingdom and paying £3,000,000. He ultimately plotted with the French. The British Lion thereupon attacked the Tiger by sending a magnificent army of ten thousand men against him, which reached Seringapatam on April 5, 1799. The town was held by fifty thousand men, and was surrounded by fortifications. But it was



The Dungeons under the ramparts (photographed by Captain J. A. C. Gibbs) where Tippoo kept his prisoners, whose writing is still visible on the walls.

stormed by Sir David Baird (who had been a prisoner in Tippoo's dungeon for three years), and fell on May 4, 1799. Tippoo fled from the outer to the inner fortifications, but was shot just as he was entering the Sally Port, where he was discovered after sunset under a heap of the slain. The central portion of the old State of Mysore was restored to an infant representative of the Hindu Rájás, whom Hyder Ali had dethroned, while the rest was partitioned between the Nizam, the Mahrattas, and the English. Sir George Harris was raised to the peerage, and the future Duke of Wellington got his marquisate. That, in brief, was the story told to the Duke's Regiment of how we increased our Indian Empire. Besides that, there were rejoicings at Bangalore.



Major-General McLeod explaining to men of the 2nd Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment the incidents of the siege from the place where the breach was made in the outer wall. Photographed by Armourer-Sergeant Price.

HOW WE BUILT UP THE EMPIRE

CAPTAIN COOK'S FIRST LANDING IN AUSTRALIA.



CAPTAIN COOK LANDED HERE APRIL 28, A.D. 1770. THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED A.D. 1870 BY THE HON. THOMAS HOLT, M.L.C.

Another very interesting object-lesson of Empire-building was given at Kurnell (once called Botany Bay of unholy memory) on May 6, when the Hon. Sir Frederick Darley, Lieutenant-Governor of New South Wales, dedicated two hundred and fifty-three acres to the people of the colony in memory of Captain Cook's first landing in Australia. The reserve is marked by an obelisk, erected in 1870 by the Hon. Thomas Holt, M.L.C., on a little sandy beach just inside the rocky headland that juts boldly out to sea on the south shore of Botany Bay. It was this landing of Cook at Kurnell that led to the founding by Governor Phillip of the convict settlement at Botany Bay in 1789, and this establishment makes New South Wales the mother colony of the Australian group. In course of time the land is to be improved, and it will for all time remain in the possession of the people of New South Wales for their recreation, as a monument to the honour of the great navigator, and a nursery for those historical



STATUE OF CAPTAIN COOK AT SYDNEY.

associations which should linger about the memory of the factors in the foundation of a nation. There can be practically no doubt as to the exact spot where Captain Cook landed. He himself drew a chart of the bay, on which he marked the spot where the *Endeavour* anchored on the afternoon of April 28, 1770. The heroes of the *Endeavour* sighted Australian shores after having made a circuit of the New Zealand islands on their way back from Tahiti, the first bit of Australia seen being Point Hicks, a little to the westward of Cape Howe. Then Cook, having sailed up the east coast of what is now New South Wales, sighted on the eventful Saturday morning the Botany Bay Heads, and entered the bay at 3 p.m. He did not penetrate far enough northward, however, to catch a glimpse of the finest harbour in the world, only ten miles distant, which remained for Captain Phillip to discover eighteen years later.



CAPTAIN COOK, AT BOTANY BAY, PROCLAIMING NEW SOUTH WALES A BRITISH POSSESSION.

THE DARBYS AND JOANS OF TO-DAY

There is probably no country in the world where the amiable suitor is able to court his sweetheart with greater freedom than in England. Among the masses and middle classes, and, indeed, with some in the

The parents, recognising the importance of her strategic movements, happy to see her go off their hands early, generally allow her every facility to capture and enthrall that particular Lord of Creation whom she may select to lead her to the altar, give her his name, and, thenceforth, provide for her. For our blooming English girl likes to be loved



"NELLY AND I GO STROLLING."



THE BRAVE AND FAIR.

upper strata, Sunday is the great day for this gentle occupation. On Sabbath afternoons, or, at all events, in the evenings, most mortals are entirely free from business and household duties. The surroundings are still, and that stillness is particularly conducive to the expansion of the heart. Then is the time for that delightful stroll, popularly known as the "walk-out," in which young people, and even persons of riper age, find such intense enjoyment.

In some countries, France, to wit, the reputation of any respectable girl would be irretrievably blighted were she but once to be seen abroad alone with a man. Oh, yes, he may court her; but it must be in presence of her parents, or, at least, of her mother, or of an aunt, or a chaperon of some sort. It is only when the wedding is over, when the prolonged festivities which invariably follow are at an end, when bride and bridegroom at length find themselves in the seclusion of the nuptial apartment, that they are able to exclaim, "Enfin! Seuls!" as in the familiar picture, where the scene is so admirably and yet so chastely depicted.

French parents generally hunt out husbands for their daughters, and bring them home. Here, as we know, the custom is entirely different. Most English fathers and mothers think it better that the daughters should hunt for themselves.

Marriage is every girl's chief object in life. As her sex continues to remain in a majority, and some must necessarily be left out in the cold, unless they go to Thibet, the smart, up-to-date young lady allows very few chances to escape her. Eager, moreover, to become her own mistress, she begins casting her eyes about for a mate long before she has completed the second decade.

for her own precious self, and, as a rule, brings her husband little dowry beyond her fond affection and her priceless charms.

In this respect she differs, maybe advantageously, from her sister across the Straits, who, although rarely failing to cast a *dot* into the *corbeille de mariage*, often hesitates to let her heart go with it.

No sooner does an eligible party present himself in the English home than the famous "walk-out" begins. For, apart from any other consideration, it is thought—and, no doubt, very properly—that, before two persons tie that knot at the Shrine of Hymen which only a decree of Mr. Justice Jeune can sever, they should have every opportunity to study the character of one another. And how can this be better accomplished than during that delicious side-by-side promenade and *tête-à-tête* conversation on Sunday afternoons and evenings?

There is quite a flutter in the suburban villa when Maria's young man knocks at the door. Paterfamilias, after the first visit or two, prudently arranges for a brick wall to eclipse him on these occasions. Dear Mamma, beaming with smiles, effusive in words of welcome,

exchanges the customary trite remarks about that favourite old English topic, the weather, and slips off at the first opportunity. The boys and girls have been strictly enjoined to keep out of the way and not to interfere with their sister, who is given a free field so long as the courtship lasts.

But courting in a genteel suburban villa, with "nice lace curtains" to veil the interior of the sitting-room from the profane gaze of the world beyond, is a poor affair at the best. The fond pair can never be



A REST BY THE WAY.



AFTER BUSINESS.



WHAT IT COMES TO.

From Photographs by Pilkington.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



MR. BULLION: Will you come into the conservatory and sit out this dance, Miss Budlet?
MISS BUDLET: Yes, certainly, Mr. Bullion. May Cousin Jack come, too?

positively certain that no indiscreet ear is listening at the door, no inquisitive eye peering through the keyhole. Those tiresome demons, the younger members of the family, are ever on the alert to surprise their elder sister and her young man. Besides, the latter are hankering to be free from family restraint. So Maria puts on her hat and tailor-made jacket, and off they go for a walk.

It is thus that we meet these interesting couples in whatever direction we may roam on the Sabbath. In town they wander through



MADE IN GERMANY.

the parks, where our gallant guardsmen from time immemorial have had the monopoly of the nursemaids, and are much put out just now at that General Order of the Commander-in-Chief curtly forbidding the brave defenders of these realms to encircle the waists of their lady friends with their manly arms when taking them for a stroll.

They throng the excursion steamboats on trips to Southend and Margate, and sometimes venture so far, even, as "Bolong." If you chance to be beside the briny ocean, you will see them picking up shells together along the seashore, rowing and sailing in the offing, walking on the cliffs. On the upper reaches of the rivers, in fine weather, they are as plentiful as butterflies.

In the country, you meet them in the dusty highways and by-ways, strolling across the waving, golden corn-fields, culling poppies and blue-flowers; trampling under foot the buttercups and daisies in the meadows; sauntering down solitary lanes, where honeysuckles scent the air with fragrance and vie with one another in luxuriance of bloom.

Up in town they must be content with deserted street-corners for any such expansion of feeling, or with those convenient garden-seats on the tops of the tram-cars, where two only just find room, and where all are in the same rosy path.

The Sunday "walk-out" in the vast majority of cases ultimately ends in marriage. Simple man, unwittingly lured on by the pretty tempter, thrusts his head into the silken noose for better or worse—let us hope, for the former—and "pops the question." But this is not always the result. Not unfrequently the "walk-out" finds a solution in an amusing breach-of-promise case. Then, again, it may continue for years without anything coming of it at all. Was it not Henri Quatre, a pretty good judge in such matters, who wrote—

Souvent femme varie,
Fol est qui s'y fie?

EDWARD VIZETELLY.



A LITTLE NEW ZEALANDER.

Photo by Standish and Preece, Christchurch, New Zealand.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Bloemfontein Conference has come and gone, and apparently has left little hope of reforms in the Transvaal. A few illusory promises and one very practical and extensive demand have sufficed to remind us that—

The fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much.

The Uitlanders are to have the franchise after many years, and subject to the possession of property, the proof of citizenship in their own country, freedom from sentence, faithfulness to their adopted State, and who knows what other restrictions. Those enumerated are quite enough, quibbled over as they will be, to bar any man of British birth from being the fellow-citizen of a Boer. And the reward for this grudging grant of a pretence of privilege is to be our consent to arbitrate on each and every dispute between Great Britain and the Transvaal—in other words, the concession of complete independence and the abdication of all right of control over the foreign affairs of the South African Republic. What arbitration may mean in South Africa we see in the sordid scandal of the Delagoa Bay Railway case. Once referred to such a Court as that which is carefully avoiding a decision on *that* affair, any oppression of Uitlanders might go on securely for ever.

If this were all, then war would seem to be the only solution, but probably President Kruger is not quite so obstinately unfair as he makes himself out. He must know, also, that he could not reckon on a repetition of the military mistakes and political pusillanimity that gave him his past victory. Invasion of the Transvaal would not be necessary; even a declaration of war might be spared. If forces too large to be attacked with hope of success encamped for a few months just over the frontier of the Republic, the burgher militia would gradually melt away to the farms. Or if it came to fighting, a few hundred Boers might still, perhaps, beat an equal number of any trained infantry at skirmishing; but, in a pitched battle of thousands, strategy and discipline and the professional spirit are terrible advantages.

Again, except among the very ignorant Boers, there can be little illusion as to the chance of foreign intervention. France, who would not fight for Fashoda, will hardly fight for the pay and perquisites of Oom Paul. The demigod of Germany is more likely to telegraph to Mr. Rhodes than to his opponent. As for Russia, it is quite out of the question that she should derive any profit from the Transvaal as an ally; wherefore, she will not back Mr. Kruger. And nearly all English Liberals have been tired out by the reactionary obstinacy of the Boer oligarchy. Few politicians or journalists venture on more than a half-hearted apology for their former patron saint.

What friendship to Kruger has survived hitherto will be effectually destroyed by the appearance of the detailed account of the indemnity claimed for the Raid. The sordid greed and clumsy cunning that dictated that remarkable little bill are too plain to dispute. Anybody in any way connected with the preparations to meet Jameson has obviously been encouraged to claim whatever he chose, and the monstrous total has been cooked into a semblance of accuracy by the addition of shillings and pence. The ridiculous demand of a million for "moral and intellectual damage" is not yet abandoned. Certainly persons capable of compiling and presenting such a bill must have suffered extensive moral damage in some manner, and only damaged intellects would expect to get the demand paid in full. No honest person wishes to spare the capitalists of the Chartered Company the forfeit of their foolish attempt, but two wrongs do not make a right. The relatives of the slain Boers and the wounded Boers themselves are entitled to liberal compensation. The men actually called out to fight should have their expenses paid, and a moderate gratuity, say, £10 a man; and if the total, fairly reckoned, much exceeded £50,000, I should be surprised. If the bill were paid in full, anything but the odd seventy thousand would be one huge steal.

The few remaining champions of the Boer oligarchy are asserting with some vigour that the present difficulty is entirely the work of a hypothetical "yellow Press," subsidised by Mr. Rhodes and other capitalists. The accusation of bribery is double-edged. Small financial papers can be bought, but responsible organs would risk too much to allow of selling their columns. Mr. Rhodes and his friends are rich, no doubt; but the Transvaal, too, has a secret-service fund, large, and largely exceeded. And a blind and violent patriotism is more respectable than a carping and malignant anti-patriotism.

The problem is simply whether a modern, progressive, wealthy population is to be misruled by a minority of farmers whose "intellectual and moral" development is that of the seventeenth century. It is not so much that Boer government is oppressive, though oppressive it is; it is that it belongs to another stratum of history than the present day. Its irksomeness comes even more from its inefficiency than from its inequality and corruption. It unites French meddlesomeness with Turkish incapacity.

Anachronisms die hard; we have a good many ourselves, but they die, violently or naturally. Mr. Kruger and his system have a choice of extinctions, but little more, unless history is to be re-written.

MARMITON.

OUR LATEST ISLAND: LIU-KUNG-TAU, AT WEI-HAI-WEI.



AN OCTAGONAL GATEWAY IN THE OLD HOSPITAL.



GATEWAYS INSIDE THE COURTS OF THE QUEEN'S HOUSE.



A ROUND GATEWAY.



THE ONLY TWO-STOREYED HOUSE.



A BARBER'S SHOP.



A SCREEN IN FRONT OF THE MEN'S CANTEN.



THE PAINTED GATES OF THE HOSPITAL.
These are now preserved at the Queen's House.



THE INTERIOR OF A JOSS-HOUSE.
This is the family Joss-house of the Lius. Liu King settled on the island 280 years ago.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A HANGING JUDGE.

BY WILLIAM BUCKLEY.

He had been a hanging Judge, and was now a spirit. The process of becoming one had been attended by the usual elements of inconvenience, and the mode of his departure from this world of woe eminently respectable, a cold caught in the discharge of his official duties, as the newspapers euphemistically put it, being the remote cause of his flitting to the Shadow Land.

He was a thoroughly religious man—a practical Christian, as the cant goes—and in his obituary notices the aforesaid journals were kind enough to insinuate that if ever a soul faced the Dark Valley in good case, his did.

Personally, I believe the man had a pretty constant conviction he would go to Heaven—ultimately; and, indeed, if one regarded only his private character, this expectation would not seem preposterous. He had been a good son, a faithful husband, a provident father. A hard-worker always, first from necessity, latterly from choice, he was not addicted to the popular vices which make those who knew us during our earthly pilgrimage a little better than our sorrowing relations, smile through their tears as they read our epitaphs.

On the contrary, this just Judge was rather a model man, partly from a native hardness of disposition—I shall not say heart—and because he had observed the prizes of life rarely went to the lovers of wine or women.

So it happened that, as he stood before the Judgment Seat, since I must express myself in terms of experience, but in reality before a viewless, formless Essence perceivable by the intellect alone, Asmodeus and his rabble crew of mocking demons fell back a moment, abashed. Such is the power of purity, even though its quality be not of the highest.

But soon an accusing Shape lifted itself from the ruck of the fiends, and cried aloud, hot upon the last words of the soul's well-meaning Angel, who had just closed a pretty fair specimen of special pleading—

"Eternal Being, poise thy scales afresh; I charge this thing with murder, foul and unrepented!"

The Judge's soul lifted its brow in the awful searching light which threw no shadow, and cried aloud, possibly by an automatic act of the intellectual memory, "Not guilty!"

But the great scales above, in which are weighed the deeds of men and the motives of them, did not cease to rise and fall with a terrible rhythmical motion, nor could the most experienced cherub of them all tell how the oscillation should cease. Sometimes it had gone on until the maddened soul prayed for damnation, as men here pray for death, rather than endure the suspense; and again, that mighty beam, fit axis for a world, had quivered but once, and fixed eternally the soul's fate. For every single child of Adam there had been a separate standard, and never any two alike.

The Titanic Shape that had sprung forth now raised its sable wings, and with their winnowing cleared a space before the scales.

"This man was on earth a Judge," it cried, "and for the sake of his pay and position among men, administered falsely the laws, and wrenched from their purposes the principles of Justice. He doomed fellow men to death on evidence so tainted that it might have reeked in the nostrils of slaves, so that it might be said by his masters, 'We take a life for a life.' This he did, not from hate or revenge, but in cold blood—an item of his hire, no more; and for this I here brand him murderer as I branded Cain!"

At those awful words, a dull, distant, ravening yell, like the cries of ten thousand beasts and the roaring of many flames, rose into the Judge's consciousness, the pitiful angels hovering near on curving pinions trembling to the very pen-feathers of their gorgeous wings.

"Call the witnesses for the prosecution," gasped the shivering soul, who now began to grasp the appalling fact that it was Judge—, Judge in its own case; and with the words there rose before it a glorious apparition, light-smitten, light-permeated, light-diffusing, a wondrous spectacle, drawing all hearts, bowing all intellects, and honoured, the Judge could see, in Hell as well as Heaven, for at her coming the haughty Shade which had accused him veiled its lofty brow one fleeting instant ere it cried, "Behold my witness; when she has spoken, thou wilt not ask another."

The Judge's soul gazed its fill, for not in all its memories had it recollection of aught so beautiful, so awe-inspiring, and the Judge's soul yearned to her, and he cried aloud, "Oh, who art thou?"

She smiled a pitying smile that pained the trembling spirit more than even the mocking laughter of the fiends which underscored the question; then she answered, "My name is Justice."

There was silence for a little space, the demons having ceased to laugh.

"I am," she continued, looking slowly round, "the Daughter and the Handmaid of God. Hast thou never heard my name on earth?"

And the Judge whispered, "Yes."

"It were strange if otherwise," she replied; "for men have called upon me in all ages and all climes; I have been invoked by every tongue that men have spoken since Time began; and as it was in the beginning

so it shall be to the end; yet thou dost not know me, and it was in my name thou wroughtest thy sin!"

The Judge had been a brave man; his friends said he had never known fear, that he was as steel to danger as any red-coated trooper who rode at his side when he swept from town to town vindicating the outraged majesty of the Law. But now his soul quivered with a terror no words can tell, and it faded away even as water from a sieve before the presence of that beautiful yet awe-inspiring shape whose pity was more terrible than the laughter of the fiends.

But his good Angel, lifting her splendid wings, cried aloud: "He administered only the Law of the Land in such cases made and provided, as he had sworn. He never took pay for false judgment; he never stayed thy arm that the poor might suffer and the rich go free!"

But the Fiend shrieked back: "He did! he did! His rank and pay were the bribes—thus only could he hold them! O Thou who art, who hast been, and who shall be, I claim this man's soul! His was not the crime of ignorance or of passion: he knew all—the packed jury, the paid informer, the suborned evidence, the suppressed truth. Those were the loaded dice with which he gambled away the lives of men. O Justice, to thee I call, to thee in whose presence even I bow! Answer if in this I lie; speak, if thou darest, and say this soul is free!"

But Justice was silent.

The wondrous light that never shone on earthly things began to wax strangely dim; there were vast, unfathomable chasms, a rolling, murky chaos, surging beneath the soul; and new sounds, too, broke upon its consciousness, rising upward from the still receding, yawning depths alive with monstrous shapes, so that the angels shuddered as they drew aside like summer friends from a ruined man.

The great scales wherein are weighed each man's deeds and the motives of them were still moving, but so slowly that one could scarce call it motion; but, alas! the golden bowl was outweighed by the iron one which ever holds the crimes of men.

Above, the great shining gates of Heaven fell ajar, and, beyond, the soul caught glimpses of what no mortal eye has seen—a glory so wonderful that the intellect could not wish further, else it were not Paradise. In a moment it realised the beauty of Truth, the sanctity of Justice, the surpassing loveliness of Love, and saw in one dazzling flash, as all men shall see, the radiant splendour of the realities they had known here but by their names and shadows.

Maddened by the sight, the soul made one last effort.

"Let the witnesses for the defence be called!" it shrieked in extremest anguish, and all Hell shrieked louder at that cry.

But lo! forth from the gates ajar came another celestial form, so like the first that the Judge could not distinguish until the two fronted each other in those awful lists, and then they wore the semblance of two sisters. But, if the first was beautiful, the second had for the soul of this mortal a loveliness more radiant still. Standing there, she recalled every image of tenderness and ruth the soul had ever known; her eyes were sweetly human and soft as summer dew, her adorable form surpassed the fairest that had ever been worn by the daughters of men, and her very presence was peace itself. Behind her came another form, less bright, in mortal guise, and the face, transfigured though it was, appeared familiar to the Judge.

The lovely lady seemed to have led back the light of Heaven; the murky thunder-clouds rolled asunder, the roar of Hell grew less, the taunting sneer died upon the lips of Satan, but he did not bow his head.

"Oh, who art thou, heavenly maid?" cried the Judge's soul in quivering tones. "Wilt thou also condemn me? If I have sinned in thy name, too, let me know, and bid me go to the fiends!"

The gentle lady smiled, and it seemed the smile was reflected from the brows of Justice.

"I am Mercy," she said simply. "O mortal, hast thou never known me? I and my sister yonder," she went on, pointing to Justice, "search the souls of men, and oftentimes it happens that those who have not known one of us on earth will recognise the other here, having served her there; but thou, unhappy man, thou knowest neither."

"The Law, the Law, I but obeyed the Law," gasped the Judge's soul.

"The Law," echoed Justice; "the Law is our handmaid; wilt thou plead our servant's word for the wronging of us?" And Justice lifted her glittering sword.

"Will none plead for me?" moaned the Judge, no longer Judge now, but only a shivering human soul, with Heaven in sight and Hell lowering at its shoulder-blade.

"I will, y'er haner!" said the shape that followed Mercy.

The words were almost drowned by another mocking shout from the demons, and in that yell the irony of Hell found vent. The transfigured man moved forward until he stood between Justice and Mercy. The Judge, as if fascinated, gazed piteously at the newcomer, and then almost fainted again, for he now saw the face of the glorified man was the face of one he had known on earth, a face he had watched, it may have been, with a thrill of pity, day by day over the iron spikes of the dock in his Court, a face that had stared hopelessly into his when, assuming the black cap, he had doomed the man standing before him to death in the name of outraged Law. Yes, he recollected now—the charge, the doubtful evidence, the directions to the jury straining for the



MISS MAUD HOBSON IN "A RUNAWAY GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

hint—all, even to the solemn words with which he had closed the gigantic farce, and the Judge hung his head before the "Criminal."

"I'm willin' to give me evidence," continued the peasant soul. "I was a poor man an' an ignorant one; an' a crime was committed in my district, an' the right man couldn't be found, so they pitched on me an' thought they'd hang me for an example. Them that did this had wives an' children to feed, an' promotion to get; so I was accused of murder, an' the wink went round an' I was hung; for, sure, the gentlemen an' the understrappers should have something to show for the money they were drawing. God help us!"

Mercy averted her head, Justice frowned, all Hell fairly shrieked at the sardonic humour of the situation, and a damned wit screamed from his bed of fire, "Cui prodest scelus, is fecit!"

"But, sure, I didn't come here to say the hard word agen him," continued the spirit. "Maybe I wouldn't be here at all, at all, but for him; sure, he gave me a month to prepare for death, an' that's more than most get, I'm thinkin'. Sure, he didn't want to hang me himself—only just in the way of business; an' 'tisn't meself 'ud stand in his way now if that's all ye have agen him."

"That is all," murmured Satan, bowing low; "a very simple thing."

"Sure, I wasn't of much account, anyway," the shade went on, disregarding the interruption. "I was only a poor, ignorant man, an' that's why they marked me down to die: for someone should go, an', if it wasn't the right man, they'd take the next man to him. I don't remember it ever bein' any other way—it's the custom of the country, you see, an' he isn't half so much to blame as ye think; so lave him come in, Miss Mercy; sure, I forgave him long ago, an' 'twas I suffered most."

The spirit came closer to the Judge's side, but, with that grotesque fitness of character

which had individualised it from the first, did not dare to take the great one's hand. The Judge was not so consistent; forgetting his dignity, he strove to cling to the "convict" shade, and cried aloud, "Don't leave me! See, they are coming for me! Mercy, Mercy!"

"I do wish you would not contract that habit of falling asleep after dinner," observed a cultivated but rather pettish voice, which the Judge had never before heard with so much joy, as he opened his eyes and realised he was still a living man; "you have been dozing for the past two minutes, and making such frightful faces! What on earth have you been dreaming about?" continued the matron, closing her novel and

touching the bell. "You certainly did not seem amused. . . . Had it anything to do with those wretched Courts?"

"Yes," answered the Judge quietly, "it had."

"And it wasn't funny! Most of the cases you try seem to have at least that compensation."

"Most of the things which occur in our Courts are rather funny than otherwise," replied her husband, for the spirit of Truth was in him yet; "but the humour, I think, depends very much upon the point of view."

The lady laughed, and gave the servant some orders.

"The joke did not seem on your side just now, at any rate," she remarked, settling herself in her seat again. "But tell me all about it."

He did so.

"Ah, well!" observed his wife when he had finished; "it certainly was a rather curious dream. I wonder what could have caused it? Possibly that celery-sauce. I must give the cook notice; she is most irregular. If I were in your place, I should think no more of it, for, after all, it is only a dream."

"But you are not in my place, unfortunately," murmured the Judge; "and it is a dream which may come true some day."

The dame laughed again, stifling a yawn. "Well, if it should come true," she answered briskly, "I am sure it is a most reassuring thing for you to know those sort of people are so forgiving, and, if you were to stop hanging them now and then, *pour encourager les autres*, somebody else would be only too happy to step into your shoes, and perhaps be far more firm. Indeed, the hanging portion of it seems to me," her ladyship went on as the footman replenished the fire, "well, quite in the order of things, and, in short, simply a part of the Administration."



MISS MAUDE DANKS.

She has just recently joined Mr. Edwards' company as one of the Society girls in "A Gaiety Girl," at Daly's Theatre. She has already won a position for herself as a concert-singer. Later on in the season she will go on tour as the Princess Antonia in "A Greek Slave."

likely to claim him as an annual visitor, another attraction has been added by the presentation to the burgh of an Artisans' Golf Course, the gift of Sir Alexander Dunbar, Bart., of Boath. Sir Robert Finlay, another Parliamentarian who has a strong liking for the Brighton of the North, and is, like the Speaker, an enthusiastic golfer, was present at the opening ceremony, when Lady Dunbar was presented with a "putter," and he mentioned on the occasion that for every player there was thirty years ago there is now at least one golf club, and, as each golf club consists of several hundred members, one is able to realise that there has been an enormous increase in the number of golfers. The Solicitor-General played over the new golf course.

GOLF AT NAIRN.

To the amenities of Nairn, which extorted a good deal of praise from Mr. Gully last summer, and is

HOW THE HÔTEL CECIL COULD FIGHT FIRE.

The destruction by fire of the Windsor Hotel in New York a while back, and the still more recent outbreak at the Hyde Park Court in London, have very naturally drawn the attention of the public to the risks from



MR. A. JUDAH, CAPTAIN OF THE HÔTEL CECIL VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

fire incident to residence in large hotels and colossal mansions. The risk of fire is, of course, logically equal to the chances of its occurrence in the first place. These chances in a solidly constructed building, designed after the best modern architectural arrangements with respect to fire-proof partitions, iron girders, absence of wood, frequent clearing of flues, and use of electric-light throughout the building, reduce the risk to such infinitesimal proportions as to scarcely deserve estimation. Now, amongst recently built hotels, none stands forth in its huge dimensions and solidarity of construction more conspicuously than the Hôtel Cecil in the Strand. Whatever sins may be laid on the back of Jabez Balfour, as far as the cooking of accounts is concerned, everyone must admit that the buildings erected by him are marvellous models of constructive skill. He was no jerry-builder; the best material, the latest sanitary arrangements, and the most perfect architectural design are the distinguishing features of his building enterprises. The Hôtel Cecil is, in a word, a monument of architectural construction and supreme comfort.

However, to admit for a moment and for argument's sake the question of a possibility of fire in this huge building, the Hôtel Cecil, it may be said that the proprietors have taken measures to make security doubly sure. In fact, absolute immunity from the chance of a fire spreading, should one possibly occur, has been established, according to the maxim of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, that a small fire should never be allowed to become a big one. On every floor at the Hôtel Cecil there are no less than four hydrants, and in the South block there are no fewer than forty!

Then on the roofs there are huge reservoirs, constantly kept supplied, which can be used to deluge the whole building if necessary, and these reservoirs can be re-charged by rapid pumping arrangements. As to the means of exit in case of emergency, nothing could have been better arranged. The East block has no less than five staircases; the South has four, and the West three, while there are numerous external staircases. Then there are a number of tell-tale clocks, which a selected staff of watchmen lately in the service of the London Fire Brigade are obliged to adjust at stated periods to prove the efficiency of their watch in their perambulation of the building during the silent hours of the night. But, to still further ensure the building against any chance of a serious fire, the courteous manager, Mr. Judah, has organised a smartly drilled brigade of resident firemen of over forty active men, directed by regular Fire-Brigade sub-officers, who can be quickly summoned by electric-bell arrangement.

It was to watch these active lads at work in a mimic encounter with a supposed conflagration that I attended one Sunday at the weekly drill. At the call, every man was speedily at his place, with eye and ear intent on the words of command which Mr. Judah, looking every inch a fireman,

clad as he was in tunic and helmet, gave from time to time. The coils of hose were run out and attached to their respective hydrants in an incredibly short time. The voice of the commander was heard again, and jets of water began to shoot up and up to heights sufficient to envelop the entire building. Another order was issued, and great ladders were leant against the walls, and these crept up higher and higher by further extensions of their runged lengths, till the firemen seemed to lose size as they mounted upwards. The exhibition was a gratifying exemplification of drill and discipline, while the hundreds of the visitors to the hotel and the general public expressed their approval of this display of protection which had been organised by the proprietary of the hotel. As is fairly well known, the greater part of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is composed of old "salts" who do not shrink from climbing to any dizzy height. Led by such intrepid officers—ex-members of the Brigade—the band of over forty of the staff of servants has no hesitation in following, while the actual presence of this fire staff on the premises of the Hôtel Cecil should inspire confidence in the visitor of the most nervous temperament.

THE FATHER OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Harry Keppel—by the way, there are four officers of this rank in the Navy, not merely one, as might be judged from some papers—has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday. He is the Father of the British Navy, just as his son, Commander Colin Keppel, who has been promoted to Captain for his brilliant services while in command of the Nile gunboats during the recent campaign, is now by several years the youngest Captain in the Navy; he is not yet thirty-seven, and gets his promotion over the heads of one hundred and forty-three other Commanders, his seniors in some cases by many years. Sir Harry Keppel, in spite of the weight of ninety years, is still in vigorous health, and the other day not only attended a review in company with the Prince of Wales, with whom he has been for many years on the closest terms of intimacy, but was present the same evening at a ball. Yet this old and popular naval veteran tells the story that when he was a baby of a few weeks old he was laid in a foot-pan for burial and was rescued from the grave by an observant old nurse who thought there was some life in him. Even when he went to sea for the first time, he was thought so delicate that he overheard it said that he would not live. Now this boy, who was supposed to have one leg in the



THE STAFF AT FIRE-DRILL.

From Photographs by Langfrier, Bond Street, W.

grave, has outdistanced his contemporaries, all of whom have been gathered to their forefathers. He bears the burden of many years and much distinguished service lightly. When he was flying his flag for the last time, as Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, his son, the young Captain of to-day, was only a cadet on board the training-ship *Britannia* at Dartmouth.

THE NEW DUMAS ROMANCES.

Since the publication of Sir Walter Scott's Diary, few literary sensations have aroused the world of letters like the portentous announcement that in the autumn will appear two absolutely fresh romances from the pen



MR. HOME GORDON,
WHO IS TRANSLATING THE NEW DUMAS.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

of the elder Dumas. No element of romance appears to be lacking, for a veil of mystery shrouds the history of these stories between the time when they were completed by Alexandre Dumas and the present year, when they flash out as new stars in the firmament of letters. This mystery will be dispelled in the autumn, for the preface to the two romances will disclose the intermediate history of the manuscripts between the first half of the century and to-day.

On this page I publish a facsimile of a sheet of Dumas' latest work. The two romances are written on four hundred sheets of paper, on both sides, with very few corrections. This either proves the manuscript to be a fair copy, or, more probably, that it was never subjected to revision. The manuscripts belong to M. Stylianos Apostolides, a

Greek gentleman who has survived his wife, a daughter of the late Sir Orford Gordon, by some years. Being excessively benevolent, as well as erudite, he presented three Public Libraries to various towns in Cyprus, and was on the point of consigning the present romances to the same distant obscurity. A sarcastic remark by a gentleman at Larnaca on the illegibility of the manuscript made M. Apostolides wonder if this literary treasure would be duly valued in Cyprus. He ultimately withdrew it from the collection, and took the work to Paris, where it was pronounced genuine by both the publishers and the surviving relatives of the elder Dumas. But, as the French law of copyright would leave but a small percentage on such a publication to the owner, M. Apostolides determined to produce it in an English edition—probably at his own expense.

The title of the volume containing the two romances is not yet determined, but both stories strike quite new ground, so far as the range of first-class fiction is concerned. The scene is in the territory of Daghestan, chiefly in the vicinity of Derbend, which is a port on the Caspian Sea. With his usual comprehensive grasp and mastery of detail, Dumas affords a remarkable picture of the manners and customs of the races in the Caucasus. Vivid and eloquent descriptions of scenery are given with a curious imitation of Oriental dilatoriness which lends a characteristic touch to the tales. Exciting incidents are by no means lacking. Combats and treachery, the love of a man for a maid, and a variety of adventures, often of a breathless nature, lend internal proof that the hand of the famous French writer had not lost its cunning when these tales were penned. Contrast is afforded by the appearance of Russian officers, and Dumas does not forget to introduce historical personages, which he himself used to declare gave verisimilitude to a narrative.

The manuscript has been consigned to Mr. Home Gordon for translation, and it is in his possession at the present time. Mr. Gordon, who is the only son of Sir Home Seton Gordon of Embo—one of the oldest Nova Scotian baronetcies—was educated at Eton, practises journalism, has Parliamentary ambitions on the Tory side, is an enthusiast about Wagner and cricket, whilst he has strong views on modern painting, and has translated several books from the French. In 1897 he married the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Leeson-Marshall, of Callinafercy, County Kerry. She has greatly assisted him in the present translation.

A TALK WITH "MR. DOOLEY."

You can get "Mr. Dooley" at any street-corner for a penny, not wholly to his own contentment. "No self-respecting humorist," he says, "likes to be going in penny numbers. His jokes look cheap that way."

Acquaintance with "Mr. Dooley" in print has been extensive. The other day I met "Mr. Dooley" in the flesh, and found him as interesting as his book. As most folks will know by this time, "Mr. Dooley," when he is at home, is Mr. F. P. Dunne, a Chicago newspaper-man, and proud of the fact. He is at home in London just now; but I'm not going to tell his address, since he wants to live in peace, free from those attentions of a high civilisation which produce war in a modest man's bosom. No doubt, "Mr. Dooley" might be a lion of the London Season if he cared for that sort of thing. He doesn't.

"Mr. Dooley" is a young man whose father was a native of Queen's County, Ireland. He himself was born in Chicago, and has spent most of his life there. He has also worked in the newspaper world of New York, and, generally, he is as alert, keen, as much in touch with the times, as one might expect him to be after such a training. Though he has become "Mr. Dooley," he has not ceased to be a newspaper-man.

"I'm going back to Chicago in September," he said, "to take hold of my paper again. 'Mr. Dooley' sprang from the loins of newspaper work, and, in any case, he would not care to be severed from it. It is always possible to grind out an editorial, while 'Mr. Dooley' can hardly be eternal. What I mean is that the public are apt to associate you with a character. They will have you thus or not at all, and I perceive that ahead. Still, we'll go on with a stout heart." Courage, friend!

"Mr. Dooley" is about the average height, well-built, bare-shaved, wearing a pince-nez, which, as he speaks to you, he often fingers. He has that clean-cut face so frequently to be seen in America—strong all round, bespeaking the healthy mind in the healthy body. The eyes are clear and laughing, and when he is enjoying a bit of merriment "Mr. Dooley" closes them, leaning back his head. He might before he laughed have been discussing economics, and doing it right well. But, immediately you heard him laugh, you exclaimed to yourself, "Yes, he's a real, blue-blooded humorist, or he couldn't laugh like that."

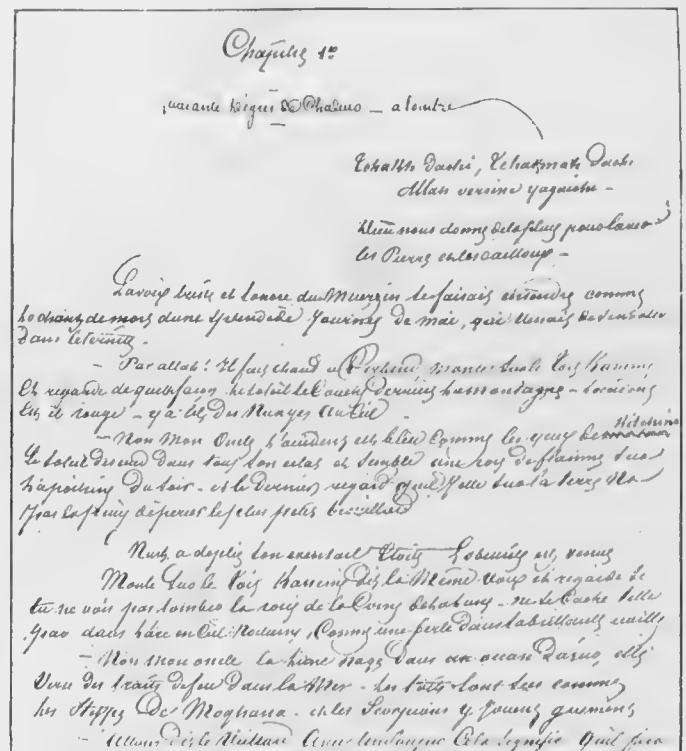
"Mr. Dooley" has a private idea that there isn't any room in America for a humorist beside Mark Twain. On him Americans have been nurtured; he is an institution; he prevails. Well, it can only be observed that "Mr. Dooley" has gone pretty strong both in America and England. He means to write a book about us, and to that end has been riding on the front seats of 'buses and talking to the drivers.

"Mr. Dooley" will be pleased to receive from any quarter hints tending to introduce humour into the articles which he means to write about London. He does not despise humour. I gave him the benefit of one theory which I have long held in reference to Cockney life—the Cockney as distinct from the man who lives in London. It was that Cockneyism was well represented in what may be called three generations—the boy, smart as a hollow-ground razor; the young man who follows and is probably a costermonger; and, finally, the 'bus-driver, who is the incarnation of Cockney wit.

"Mr. Dooley" was good enough to be interested, and our discussion plunged along, taking in many a side-road. He spoke of the Celt and the peculiarities of that contradictory, delightful being, and he noted how able the Celt was to understand a sentimental, impressionable people like the French. "Now," he remarked, "I have just been in Paris, and I fancy I can understand the things which have made the French behave as they have over this Dreyfus business. Wrong, no doubt; yet the wrongness arises, so to speak, out of characteristics which are taking in themselves." Next we discussed the qualities of the Saxon man pure and simple, but it is only fair to leave that text to "Mr. Dooley." He may want it for a leader when he gets back to Chicago.

The story of how he originated in stray articles for a Sunday newspaper has been told, and need not be repeated. He grew, by a chance, out of circumstances, it might be put, rather than on any pre-determined lines. He was "copy" first; but then America discovered him, and he walked in at every door, a welcome guest in the library. "I couldn't in the least tell you what are the component parts of 'Dooley,'" said his creator. "Simply, there he is, and that's about all I can say. I have to keep him going—not to pick him to bits."

Naturally, Mr. Dunne is to spend a part of his holiday in Ireland, for it's really a holiday he is having. Till now he has never seen the



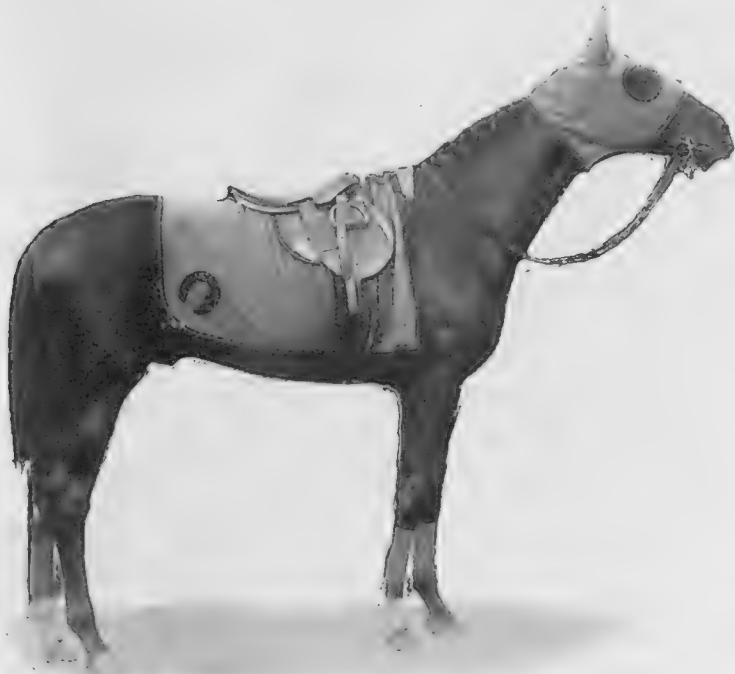
FACSIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF MANUSCRIPT OF THE NEW STORY BY DUMAS.

country which runs in his blood, just as he has only been seeing London for the first time. There are windows, back and front, in his elevated quarters—not a hundred miles from the Strand—and so he has a good view. That's right, for a pleasant, modest, kindly stranger within our gates is "Mr. Dooley." London is the brighter of him. M.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Prince of Wales looks nice in any suit, and yet I like him best in the regulation top-hat and frock-coat. Mr. James Lowther is spoiled by a top-hat. I think he looks best in a shooting-suit and bowler. A



CYLLENE, WINNER OF THE GOLD CUP.

high crown is unsuited to the Earl of Durham, but suits the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Westminster, and the Earl of Ellesmere. Lords William and Marcus Beresford look all at sea with high-hats, and strike one as being perfect in appearance with their white bowlers on. I don't care to see Lord Rosebery with a "boxer" on his head, neither is the high-hat well suited to the Earl of Cadogan. Mr. Leonard Brassey looks perfect in a "Trilby," so would Lord Carnarvon if he could only be induced to wear one instead of a "boxer." I don't like Mr. H. Chaplin in a low crown, and the Duke of York does not look nice in any other hat than a high crown.

With Ascot over, matters in the racing world will quiet down somewhat until the Goodwood Meeting begins on July 25. I am very glad to see that capital entries have been received for the Ducal meeting, and, as the going is always of the best on the Sussex Downs, the fields this year should at least be of average strength. If Lord March would only get rid of his biennials and triennials, and give



LORD ROSEBERY'S TOM CRINGLE, WINNER OF THE ASCOT STAKES.

us more handicaps, the programme would be perfect. It may not be generally known, but the Goodwood Meeting is very nearly the best-paying fixture of the year, bar Ascot, and for this reason alone we ought

to see the best sport of the year on the Duke of Richmond's lovely course. Although the journey up the hill is a tedious one, I like Goodwood best of all the meetings I attend during a long racing season, and it will take a deal of beating. It would take still more if the sport were a little bit more interesting than it is at present.

I have been looking through the manuscripts for a book on Fifty Derbys, which should be interesting reading enough when it comes to be published. I think, however, a History of Epsom Races, if it were written by a Dickens, would be a great catch. The sunny side of the Epsom meetings has never been done in book-form, although the "special" journalists have ground out columns of dry-as-dust matter on the same old theme on the anniversary of each Derby Day. The gipsies, the loafers, the itinerants, the blind beggars, one-armed coal-miners, and one-legged sailors have never been properly done, and here is a wrinkle for a facile writer who is in want of an attractive item.

The year 1844 is remarkable as being the year when the gambling-booths were done away with at Epsom; before that year gambling by dice and all sorts of gaming instruments was allowed; but Sir James Graham, who was Home Secretary, determined to do away with the booths, and he issued a proclamation warning her Majesty's lieges not to play or cause others to play at roulette or hazard. That "honest, respectable class of men," the thimble-riggers, were also compelled to hide their diminished heads, and yet an outcry was raised against this unwarrantable interference with the liberties and time-honoured principles



REFRACTOR, WINNER OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.

of these men. Hudibras thought that the pleasure was as great in being cheated as to cheat. As soon as the play-annihilatory measure was propounded, the inhabitants of the town of Epsom and the surrounding neighbourhood presented a petition to Sir James Graham on behalf of the "poor players," but the astute and hard-hearted Baronet rejected the petition, and sent down some additional hundreds of foot- and horse-police—

To prove his doctrine orthodox
By horse-policemen's blows and knocks.

But, fortunately, no resistance was made to the strong arm of the law; the gentle thimble-riggers roamed about the course in sullen doggedness, and looked at the imposing force before them with glances of singular sweetness and complacency.

Sir James Graham, on being asked a question in the House, if he meant to suppress betting and rural sports, such as "Aunt Sally," shying cocoanuts, and the "Fun of the Fair," said, No; but that he was determined to suppress games of chance, such as hazard and other games played with dice; for nothing could be more unjust than those games of chance—in fact, the games were not so much games of chance as games of perfect certainty, and, if it were necessary, he could produce some of the dice seized by the police. "There they are," said Sir James, presenting the dice across the table. They were not loaded dice, but perfectly correct in every respect, except that with one set of them it was impossible to throw deuce-ace, and with another set one would throw eleven and twelve with equal certainty, and certain other numbers were repeated more than once. Also with respect to roulette-tables, they were equally against the party playing, so much so that they could not be considered games of chance, but perfect acts of pillage and robbery. The gambling-booths in that year were dismantled and roofless, and stood up as gaunt evidences of the departed glories of gambling.

CAPTAIN COE.

"T. P." M.P., ON "M.A.P."

I found Mr. O'Connor at the cosy offices of his bright little paper (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), *M.A.P.*, in Northumberland Avenue, and I called to offer both "T. P." and his paper my warmest congratulations on the first anniversary of the birth of the paper, which occurred on Sunday last. "T. P." was seated at his typewriter, wearing the pince-nez which he has had to use during the last year—the one indication of the close of his eternal youth.

"Are you satisfied with the results of *M.A.P.*'s first year?"

"I am satisfied to the fullest, and yet I am not surprised. I have had the idea of a paper on the lines of *M.A.P.* for the last seven or eight years, and I have never had the least doubt that it would be a success. At the same time, of course nobody ever knows what will be the fate of a new paper, any more than what will be the fortune of a new play, and I therefore must confess to a satisfaction that my confident anticipations have been so fully realised."

"What was your idea in starting *M.A.P.*?"

"Well, just this: that I should produce a paper which would be a pleasant gossip with my readers for, say, an hour. Whenever I project anything in the way of a newspaper, I always try and form a concrete image in my own mind of the readers I shall try to attract, and the image I had in my mind when I started *M.A.P.* was the traveller sitting in the smoking-carriage, the lady sitting in her drawing-room, just settling themselves down to the paper with the feeling, 'Now I am going to have a really pleasant chat. I am going to hear all about my friends, and I am going to hear what are the realities that lie behind these names in the newspapers.'"

"Then your idea is to be realistic?"

"Yes, but always to keep within the limits of good taste and good feeling. I have been very much amused," continued Mr. O'Connor, "by the entire misconception which existed in many minds as to the character of the paper. Let me give you two instances. A lady, who was kind enough to say that she had followed my writings for years, wrote to me, after *M.A.P.* was published, to say she was sorry to discover her idol had feet of clay, and that from that time and for ever afterwards she renounced me and all my works. She was evidently of opinion that I was going to publish a *chronique scandaleuse*. This also seemed to be the opinion of another lady, who sent to me a statement associating the name of a very well-known public man with a social scandal. This lady was kind enough to send me not only the name of the gentleman concerned, but also those of several other ladies and gentlemen, with their addresses, and even enclosed postage-stamps to pay for sending copies of the paper containing her paragraph. I assume she was somewhat surprised when I sent her back rather a warm letter as to her misconception of our purpose."

"Then you think a paper can be personal and at the same time avoid giving offence or causing pain?"

"Most decidedly. I defy anybody to honestly say there has ever been a line in *M.A.P.* that could give pain to a single human being. The paper has gone up steadily almost from the first, and for the last six months by leaps and bounds, without interruption, week after week and month after month. In some weeks we have put on as many as eight and ten thousand copies, and now I think we may safely claim that *M.A.P.* has a circulation equal to double that of all the other social journals put together. Look at this bundle," and Mr. O'Connor took up a great batch of quotations sent in by a Press-Cutting Agency. "We get bundles like that, with fifty, seventy, a hundred quotations from us, three or four times a week. And see what countries are represented—England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, India, Australia; while as for America, the cable correspondents wire our chief items every week. And, similarly, my letter-box brings me correspondence from all parts of the world. *M.A.P.* has made me friends and correspondents everywhere. What has gratified me about our success is that it has been obtained purely by the paper itself. Not one penny was spent in preliminary advertising on *M.A.P.*. When you remember that I have had to spend as much as £5000, £6000, and even £7000 in preliminary advertising on previous ventures, you can imagine what a difference this means. I suppose a twenty-pound note would cover every penny we spent before the paper was started, and that was spent in obtaining the assistance of a member of the staff for the arrangement of some literary matter. We do insert now and then a few small advertisements in the papers, but, practically, you may take it that the paper has been allowed to make its own way upon its own merits."

"What do you consider the chief source of its success?"

"Well, that it is living and real, that it aims at not having a single dull line in it from cover to cover, and that it supplies information at once personal and good-natured. Our sketches of autobiography are perhaps one of the most popular features of the paper."

"Has your advertising been up to your expectation?"

"Certainly, and above it! You know how slow and difficult a plant advertising is to rear; but after the first few months—and especially since I have had the advantage of the services of my old colleague, Mr. George Wetton, the advertising public have become convinced of the value of *M.A.P.* for their special purposes, and the paper probably now carries a far greater amount of advertising every week—in value, at any rate—than any other journal of similar character, although it is only a year old. It is the steady increasing of solid week-to-week advertising that has caused me to consider the advisability of enlarging the paper."

"And so you are satisfied, Mr. O'Connor, with *M.A.P.*'s first year?"

"Yes. In *M.A.P.* I have secured my old-age pension!"

HAMLET À LA FRANÇAISE.

It seems rather strange that a play containing an allusion to the fact that boys originally played the female parts in it should see a woman presenting the chief male character. Yet there is abundant precedent for a lady Hamlet. I learn that M. Coquelin has taken up arms against a sea of critics, and is prepared to prove that a "French artist's conception of what a Prince of Denmark should be, think, and say, is as likely to be correct as an Englishman's." What relation the proof of this bears to the question of the value of Bernhardt's Hamlet is not obvious. Very possibly a French dramatist might be able to give a truer conception of a Prince of Denmark than Shakspeare's, but in that case we should all prefer the less truthful. For the question is not one of Danish or un-Danish, but Hamlet or not Hamlet; and, if the view of the great French actress be correct, most of the critics and commentators have been utterly wrong as to the much-discussed character. There is nothing puzzling nor mysterious about the aggressive new Hamlet, not half as much even as in Lorenzaccio. Few of us can accept a Hamlet needlessly harsh with his mother and unkind to Ophelia, a Hamlet who can utter thought-heavy speeches faster than I could repeat "Jack Robinson." Yet the new Hamlet is very picturesque and effective. The ghost of Adelphi melodrama may have haunted the house and coerced the divine Sarah into the melodramatic. The actress, perhaps, is not at her best—indeed, the noble voice at present lacks its wonted beauty—but the new business she introduced quite excited us. In almost every scene one saw something novel, and, in many cases, valuable. The costume and make-up were not quite satisfactory, for Hamlet's long black cloak at times hung in a fashion which suggested a tail. It is difficult to judge the new version by MM. Morand and Schwob. Much was so liberal a translation that one felt the French could hardly be idiomatic, and yet it was. The fidelity was inimical to beauty; the most eager ear failed to catch any phrase that seemed very vivid or poetical, and at times there came passages which seemed woefully inadequate. This inadequacy may be imaginary, for in some cases I fancy we lend a little to the author. It is possible he did not imagine that Ophelia's line, "I was the more deceived," would be deemed by some critics one of the finest phrases in literature, and quite beyond translation, as untranslatable as "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," concerning which De Quincey wrote, or the last line of "Salammbô," in which the scrupulous art of Flaubert reached its most perfect expression.

The company engaged to support the new Hamlet falls short of brilliance, though there were some intelligent, painstaking performances. I hoped for much from the Ophelia of Madame Marthe Mellot, because of her brilliant work with the Théâtre d'Œuvre, and was disappointed by a performance of some power and charm, but little dignity or imagination, and hurt by some suggestion of the French *ingénue*.

E. F. S.

LETTY LIND AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Letty Lind has left Daly's Theatre to offer her work for a short season to the appreciative audiences of the Alhambra. She opened at the famous house in Leicester Square last week, looking so dainty, singing so quaintly, and dancing so prettily that her success was never for a moment in doubt. As I watched her progress and noted how it was punctuated by hearty and genuine applause, I found no difficult task in recalling Miss Lind's first appearance at the Gaiety some eleven years ago and her long list of subsequent triumphs, for I have been one of her countless admirers since she came to town in '88. She came, comparatively unknown, from Birmingham, and at once took rank in the Gaiety company at a time when it included Nelly Farren, Florence St. John, Marion Hood, and Sylvia Grey. Her first chance was in the burlesque of "Ruy Blas," where she shared the dancing honours with Sylvia Grey and essayed to sing one little verse before a dance set to a charming waltz from one of Josef Bayer's ballets. Then the young dancer appeared as Mercedes in "Carmen Up to Date," and, when that burlesque was about to be withdrawn, left the Gaiety, and was seen no more in town until the night when she took the place of Miss Kate James in "Cinder Ellen," and showed her friends that the triumphs of dancing alone did not satisfy her aspirations. Her work at Daly's Theatre needs no detailed mention here. Eleven years have passed since Letty Lind made her first bow to a London audience, and in that time her popularity has steadily increased. There are on the lighter stage in London better singers, better dancers, better actresses; there is not one who can draw a bigger house or give more pleasure to an audience. Every member of the audience is in direct sympathy with Letty Lind; she seems to be playing to one person, and everybody is sure of that person's identity. Then she is dressed so tastefully, and is so naturally graceful, that admiration is compelled, while her *insouciance* and *abandon* are the most eloquent expression of a conviction that you will be well pleased with her work. None the less, Letty Lind is really nervous by temperament, and the curious appeal of her voice and movements is not wholly assumed. "I am really feeling very nervous," she said, when I went round with Mr. Slater early in the evening to wish her success. "This is not a permanent departure. I am only singing here for the rest of the season, and then I am to be the deserted wife in 'Les Pétards' at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Do you think the audiences here will like me?" The question was an expression of her attitude and manner upon the stage; the most reliable answer came when, from floor to ceiling, the audience clamoured for encores. S. L. B.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, June 21, 9.19, and the same till Thursday in next week.

It will be a thousand pities if the Thames Conservancy Board stick fast to their new regulation prohibiting cycling on the towing-path after nine o'clock in the morning, the only exception made being rowing-men coaching crews from the bank. Cycling along the river-banks has been



THE CELESTIAL CYCLIST.

enjoyed for many years, and now this hard rule puts a sudden check to the pleasure of hundreds of thousands of cyclists living in the riparian towns. I hear the action of the Thames Conservancy Board was taken not so much because of their objection to cycling, but because of complaints about the "scorchers" who tear along the tow-paths to the terror of ordinary folk. Thus the majority of us are practically at the mercy of the few madmen who regard wheeling without danger as very poor fun. Not one "scorcher" in fifty can be caught, whatever constables in the witness-box say to the contrary, and the reckless fiends will continue to have immunity from punishment until the law imposes the registration of all cyclists, so that an offender's number may be seen at a glance. Anyway, in the name of the thousands of riders who live by the riverside and who don't "scorch," I hope the Conservancy Board will drop the new rule.

The craze for riding without brakes—to the general danger—is certainly on the wane. The brakeless riders, indeed, seem chiefly confined to Saturday-afternoon and Sunday cyclists. Then one-third of the riders are without brakes, whereas on other days the riders without them: number not one-tenth. I must say this, however, that nearly everybody I meet without a brake is a good rider. Still, there are times when a brake is invaluable, and there is no harm in carrying one for seven years, even if it takes all that time to save you from a broken neck. Personally, I use a thumb-brake. It is a neat, unobtrusive contrivance, like the ordinary brake, save that there is no arm under the handle-bar which you grip when wanting to check the pace. There is a little lever over the top of the steering-post, and you just press this with the thumb to apply the brake. I bought mine in San Francisco in the spring of last year, and had it fitted to my new "Rover" on getting to England. I don't know whether these thumb-brakes are to be purchased in this country, but they are very simple to make.

Many are the uses to which cycles are now put. The latest, I think, is a tricycle with a baby's chair attached, which may be seen most mornings in Battersea Park. Down at Ash, near Sandwich, an undertaker recently strapped a coffin containing an infant to his machine, and rode some twenty miles across country. "The funeral was decorously carried out," said the newspapers.

The latest fad among wheeling women is to wear charms that are guaranteed to save you from side-slip, collisions, punctures, and the arms of the Kingston police. Not being a wheeling woman, I have not tried their efficacy, but I'm told they make pretty pendants to bracelets.

We in England are far behind other countries in respect to really good cycling clubs. There are plenty of clubs, of course; but their chief reason for existence is to have runs together, and the club-room is usually a more or less unattractive apartment at some hotel. I believe the reason clubs are not so popular as they were some years ago is because the headquarters are really not inviting. What we ought to have in every big district is a proper club-house, affiliated with one of the great cycling associations, where the wheelmen can find recreation in a gymnasium or in playing billiards or in the reading-room. I often think of the magnificent athletic-club houses I have seen in comparatively

small towns in America, and then heave a sigh that we in this country should be such laggards.

An international code of communication between cyclists is an excellent idea. A plan has been devised in Paris on the Morse system of telegraphy. The strokes are made on the bell, following a code like this—

Greeting	---
Halt!	---
Follow me!	---
Call {	Where are you?
{	Here I am
Go to the right	---
Go to the left	---
Look out! Danger!	---
Come to my assistance!	---

A whole conversation-book could be prepared on this system; so, when you go touring in Central Africa and meet a cycling cannibal whose language you cannot speak, all you have to do is to pull out the code-book, lay hold of the bell, and have a tinkling conversation with him. This is better than Volapuk.

In the course of continuous touring, we all of us, I suppose, run over a child or a dog or an old lady. The most awkward thing I know of to ride over is a goose—I mean, a feathered goose, not a human. In most parts of the Continent it is the dogs that trouble. But in Wurtemberg and Bavaria it is the geese that cause annoyance. They rush at the cyclist much in the same way a pariah-dog does. And sometimes I've ridden over them. Geese are strong brutes, and when they wriggle and your wheel skids on the smooth feathers, the appreciable part of a second seems to be several minutes, and you feel as though you were sitting on an earthquake.

Jack on wheels has become a familiar sight at the naval ports. For years past, naval officers have been enthusiastic cyclists, and every ship that goes to sea carries quite a number of cycles. On most foreign stations where there are recreation-grounds, excellent bicycling-tracks have been made; one has already been constructed even at Wei-Hai-Wei. In fact, cycling is becoming, if it has not already become, quite a craze in the Navy. Of course, the cycle is as great a convenience to the bluejacket as to the landsman; it was thought that the seaman's baggy trousers would effectually prevent his developing into a cycle enthusiast, but it has been proved to be otherwise. At Devonport Naval Barracks a cycling club has been formed (similar to those already existing at Portsmouth and Chatham), but the Devonport club has gone a step in advance of its rivals by purchasing a number of cycles, which are lent out to the men at a very cheap rate. The naval Commander-in-Chief and the officers of the port have taken great interest in the project.

In Paris the popularity of the bicycle seems this summer to be greater than ever. Every morning streams of riders are to be seen on the Bois de Boulogne, and greater streams in the evening. The way English and French girls dress when bicycling forms an interesting contrast. The average English girl thinks that her behaviour is bordering on the improper unless she rides in a long, flapping skirt which covers her feet, and is admittedly uncomfortable, and nothing short of a nuisance when the slightest of head-winds is blowing. On the other hand, the French girl boldly adopts bloomers, appears in the brightest of blouses, and loves a gay-decked hat. English girls, I know, rather take satisfaction in the knowledge they are freer to do what they like than their Gallic sisters; but certainly the Parisiennes take a much more sensible view on how to dress when bicycling than our girls. As a mere man, I may say I am not enamoured with the "rational" garb. Of course, the wearing it or not wearing it is a simple matter of convention, and the future



ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Photo by Olive Holland.

dress of lady cyclists must be on the "rational" line. Certainly, for the staid Britisher to meet suddenly a group of fair Parisian wheelwomen rather gives a shake to his dour Puritanism. But he soon gets to admire the French lady awheel, and when he returns to England, after the shortest of holidays, he is distressed at the glum, sober, even prudish attire affected by his own countrywomen.

J. F. F.

THEATRE NOTES.

Though Miss Vera Margolies, who gave her first pianoforte recital the other day at the St. James's Hall with great success, is not quite English, she has at least the merit of having been taught in English schools to become a pianist. Her playing, particularly in Beethoven's Sonata in D Minor, showed elegance of style, intelligence in reading, and real sensibility. That the young lady has not yet reached her full power is obvious, and not surprising; but even now, though barely out of pupilage, she plays well enough to charm the critical. Miss Margolies was born in St. Petersburg, but came to England when

earn her own living, and to that end she turned to the stage professionally, and, entirely without influence, she has made her way to the front within three years of her début. Her first engagement was with Mr. Daly for small parts, after which he wished her to play the English girl in "The Geisha"; but, not wishing to adopt comic opera as her line, she preferred to journey to San Francisco, and there join Mr. Nat Goodwin's company for "A Gilded Fool," and later "An American Citizen." Then she returned to New York, and, joining Mr. Frohman's forces, first played the wife in "A Night Session," a charming little piece played in the same bill as "The First Born." Later she was secured by Mr. W. J. Crane to play the widow, Mrs. Swift, in



MISS VERA MARGOLIES.
Photo by Wayland, Streatham.

very young. After tuition at the hands of her mother and of Mr. Stewart Macpherson, she entered the Royal Academy in 1892. There, under the teaching of Mr. Oscar Beringer, she has had a brilliant career, for she won the Robert Cocks and Co. prize, the Hopkins Memorial prize, the Sterndale-Bennett prize, six bronze and silver medals, and the Royal Academy certificate.

Miss Eva Dare at the age of five-and-twenty finds herself a manageress, surely the youngest on the road, for she is sending out two companies with "A Night Out," in which she has been a great success in the country as Marcelle, under Mr. Lockwood's management. She was born at Woolwich, and began her theatrical career at the age of sixteen by dancing in "Bonnie Boy Blue." Her next engagement was in "The Master Builder," at the Vaudeville Theatre. Then she went on tour with the late Miss Alice Lingard in "The Prude's



MISS EVA DARE IN "A NIGHT OUT," ON TOUR.
Photo by Lillie Garet-Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

Progress." She was next engaged by Mr. Penley to take Amy Spettigue in "Charley's Aunt," which she played for a long time in the provinces. In the pantomime at Exeter she was "second boy." Then followed a long rôle of parts in the stock company at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, including comedy and character parts, from "The Fatal Card" to "A Bunch of Violets," and she has since played many important parts in the provinces.

Miss Ysobel Haskins is a newcomer to the London boards. Born in Massachusetts, she was first educated at home, but was "finished" in our own quiet little city of Lincoln, at the Priory. Then she returned home, and, to use her own words, had "a real good time"; but, later on, monetary losses made it necessary that she should

latter part of '98, when at three days' notice she essayed the rôle of Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." She travelled down to Glasgow studying her part, and appeared with much success for a month in that city and a month in Edinburgh in Messrs. Howard and Wyndham's company, which led to offers for the stage in London.

How excellent Mr. Bouchier is as Jim Blagden in "Wheels within Wheels," at the Court! This part will become memorable, for it is said by an aggrieved gentleman to have been taken from a particular case in real life. Mr. Bouchier denies this. He is excellent as the cad whom Mr. Carton pillories.



MISS ETHEL HENRY.
Photo by Martin Jacollette, Dover.

"Worth a Million," by Eugene Presbury, after which she played one of the daughters in "The Head of the Family," by Clyde Fitch, a part she resigned only to come to London with Mr. Goodwin.

Miss Ethel Henry, who has been associated with Mr. Albert Chevalier in the interesting programme given each afternoon and two evenings weekly at Queen's Hall, is a young aspirant to dramatic fame gifted with considerable ability and great personal attractions. Three or four years ago, she carried off the prize for declamation in connection with Levana's Salon for young people in the *Gentlewoman*, and shortly afterwards set herself to serious study. In England, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mrs. Dion Boucicault, and others, were her teachers, whilst she also spent three-quarters of a year in Paris training with the Professors of the Conservatoire. Miss Henry had recited only at concerts and At-Homies till the



MISS YSOBEL HASKINS IN "THE COWBOY AND THE LADY."



MR. BOURCHIER IN "WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS."
Photo by Douney, Ebury Street, S.W.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

There was a little of everything in the weather way at this Season's Ascot, beginning with mid-winter and its sartorial accompaniments, and finishing up with those whole-hearted sunshiny effects that Gold-Cup day and the following one of the Wokingham Stakes bestowed on us. There



A LACE GOWN BY MR. LEE.

were all sorts of temperatures, and we were fur-laden, we were tailor-made, and we were finally and more appropriately diaphanous to finish with. On Hunt-Cup day, every woman was on the horns of a most agonising dilemma as to what to wear and how to order all the accompanying uncertainties which beset her for the best. Some, with the courage of desperation, got themselves into muslin in the face of a penetrating east wind and a sky that John Peel might have loved, but certainly not in summer. Others played the safe game of go-between, and bestowed themselves into tailor-mades of the most approved cut and the extremest up-to-date elaborations; while the third admittedly gave up the ghost, and blotted themselves out from the frock point of view altogether, probably feeling that, with Ascot, as with other things of this life, it is merely neck or nothing, that, if one may not have Cæsar, or what represents that Roman monarch, in chiffons, one may just as well sit down with one's disappointed hopes and nothing. The thermometer gave way to better counsels from the afternoon of the Wednesday, however, although that might scarcely have alleviated the bitterness of spirit which must have been the portion of those who first went down in nondescript garments, and then saw Refractor snatch the laurels of victory from the well-backed brows of Knight of the Thistle.

The Gold Cup, an intrinsically ugly toy, was run for in most appropriately glorious sunshine, and may, in fact, be said, from the weather point of view, to have redeemed the entire situation.

The Enclosure looked like an herbaceous border bright with rainbow hues, and agreeable to all seven senses at once, while the Paddock and Lawn were an ever-changing background of meetings, greetings, partings, and, above all, of brilliant colour.

Being for once one of the lucky people who have hospitality, like greatness, thrust upon them in the matter of dining and sleeping at Ascot, as well as racing, I had leisure to investigate the Enclosure under the best auspices of well-bestowed hosts, who practise the excellent axiom that comfort is the pivot on which enjoyment of any sort hinges, and that, as pleasure without leisure is a mistaken quantity, the best way of "doing things" is either to negotiate them as completely as possible or else leave them severely alone.

Our English racing carnival, as they like to call it abroad, foregathers annually perhaps the loveliest group of women in the world, even the Austrian Grand Prix not excepted, where the sex is admittedly at its best.

In England, added to good looks, we have, moreover, also largely encompassed the gentle art of dressing, more especially of late years, and, as beauty without this accompaniment finds thirty per cent. of its attractiveness lost, stolen, or strayed, no matter what versifiers of a past generation may have said to the contrary, anyone having the *entrée* to last week's Enclosure would have admitted that few representative gatherings could have mustered more completely satisfactory a show of

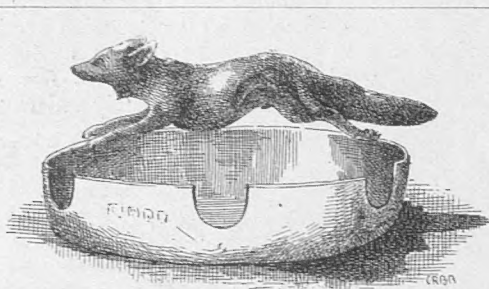


A DAINTY SUMMER-GOWN.

inherited good looks, and the acquired art of exhibiting them as well. As a few examples of lovely women and lovely clothes at this year's Ascot, I may mention Lady Londonderry, who, though thinner than of old, seemed nothing less lovely in a graceful gown of black crêpe flanked with Irish guipure and white revers of tucked chiffon, her hat being white picturesque Tuscan straw, having long black feathers as a trimming,

and the white tulle strings which are so becoming to her style, which she also wore at the Hatfield garden-party some days before. Lady Londonderry's Cup-day dress of white, with rich appliquéd designs of cream lace and white silk fringe, was also a most successful creation. Lady Angela Forbes, who has been so much to the front in matters social and sartorial this summer, looked charming in a delicate muslin dress of pale pink, its deep collar trimmed with lace insertions. Lady Mary Sackville, with her beautiful complexion and crown of ruddy hair, always looks well in blue, and both her frocks in that colour were entirely successful. Another of the notable persons present was Lady de Trafford, who made one of a small number wearing yellow; her China crêpe in that vivid colour, with wide collar of white batiste and sailor-knotted tie to match, was a striking success. Lady Beatrix Herbert wore a curious mixture of dull green with ribbon embroideries done in dove-grey; her black picture-hat, with a ruddy cache-peigne of blush-roses lifting it off the hair, was charming.

The American contingent was, of course, very smart. Mrs. Ogden Goelet wearing on Hunt-Cup day an elaborately embroidered dress of mauve and white. Lady Essex and her sister, Mrs. Padelford, were both present, and Mrs. Bradley-Martin, who has abandoned American



ASH-TRAY AND CIGAR-HOLDER.



A DAINTY PEARL NECKLET.

NOVELTIES AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

Society for the superior attractions of our oldest civilisation, was very gorgeous in black and white, a combination which obtained with many of the best-dressed people.

Among the theatrical contingent Miss Mary Moore should be awarded the palm for her exceedingly dainty appearance in pale green and ivory-white, with hat and parasol to match. Miss Maude Millett, a trifle more matronly than of old when she impersonated the ideal English rosebud girl, was with her husband. Miss Evelyn Millard wore a cream lace dress over white silk, the elaborate raised embroideries of which our thrifty grandmothers would have considered far more worthy of a place in a tambour-frame than perishably employed on one's gown.

The Princess of Wales's absence was noticeably felt, but the Duchess of York put in appearance at least one day, and so did not deprive Ascot of its customary flavour of royalty.

Mrs. George Keppel one day wore a coat and skirt, but discarded that on Thursday for more elaborate summer draperies. She was a good deal with the Prince. Mlle. de Fougères was absent, but one hears that she may be expected at Goodwood, where the newly discovered beauty will, no doubt, be a figure of more than passing interest.

It was noticeable what a large quantity of jewellery was worn at Ascot, particularly pearl necklets, as well as the long ropes of pearls which have become such a vogue with the smart woman of the past two or three seasons. While on this subject of jewellery, I am reminded of some extremely graceful and uncommon patterns in pearl necklets, which are being worn by young girls at present in the evening. Messrs. Mappin and Webb, who added a jewellery department to their long-established resources in silver ware some seasons back, have made themselves well known already in this connection, and some of their special designs have all the distinction of the best Continental examples, while the workmanship is especially British in its conscientious excellence and reliability.

In the matter of trustworthy cutlery, this firm in Oxford Street is as much a household word as the street itself to Londoners and the world generally, nor does the excellence of Mappin and Webb's silver and Prince's Plate need any brief from me, though, as an advocate of their more recently developed departure in jewellery, one may, perhaps, be allowed a little emphasis of admiration, particularly in view of the excellent and unique designs of their principal productions.

Taking the dainty little pearl necklets, of which one model is illustrated here, there are at least thirty other designs of equal distinction, and some of the fine-gold enamelled necklets in various patterns will equally appeal to the woman with a taste in such decorative matters. The gold-chain purses, in which we love to carry our sovereigns or sixpences, are obtainable here in all sizes and shapes. Waist-buckles, which are so much the vogue of the moment, set variously with turquoises, diamonds, or pearls, are a form of gaud which greatly recommends itself to the feminine constitution, and nowhere else have I seen so elaborate and varied a choice as here.

Tiaras, which, since the advent of Stock Exchange fortunes and diamond-mines, have become so, I will not say common, but indispensable among the well-bestowed women, are nowhere obtainable in greater beauty of design than at Mappin and Webb's. Some of their hair-ornaments are of special and exclusive patterns, as are many of the brooches and pendants which one sees among Mappin and Webb's brilliant display of jewellery. A special Watch Department has been superadded, where every time-keeper is of guaranteed trustworthiness, and here I saw quaint reproductions of the flat Empire watches which Gallic beaux were wont to carry when Napoleon was Emperor. Our modern dandy has reverted to this flat-cased time-keeper for evening wear, which prevents any unseemly bulging at the waist, and those reproduced by Mappin and Webb are in the best form of honest English workmanship. Among many novelties in silver ware, the latest ash-tray and cigar-holder will much appeal to our sporting fraternity as a reminiscence of this year's Derby. A beautifully modelled fox in full action forms one side of the tray, and recalls the feat of its prototype, "Flying Fox," at the last Epsom Meeting.

Another speciality of the firm is the invaluable hold-all suit-case, which applies equally to the wants of both sexes in this coming and going week-end fitting generation. Every adjunct of the toilet that can possibly be imagined or desired is in its special receptacle, while the centre of this solid leather case readily takes a couple of suits or dresses, as the case may be. The suit-case, in a word, as far outstrips in utility the fitted dressing-bag as did that excellent article, its guileless progenitor, the carpet-bag of a long-past generation. Some special designs in lemon-squash frames will again appeal to the thirsty soul at this present broiling juncture, and for another luxurious section of the community there is a little breakfast-in-bed set of Louis Quinze design, the tray and stand being in Prince's Plate, exquisitely fitted with all the details of a dainty breakfast. To the embryo bride or the highly developed matron there is, in a word, equal fascination to be found in the endless array of desirable items which apply either to personal or domestic usage now to be found at Mappin and Webb's.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LADY E. G.—I am obliged to use initials, as you gave no pseudonym. For your country drawing-room, try cherry-colour, with white panelling on the walls. The effect is unsurpassable in a room that looks both ways on green lawns. For your electric wall-brackets I have found the very thing in this month's *Artist*, which publishes sketches of some really exquisite designs. They are done by a firm in Piccadilly whose name I forget; but if you will get the paper, I have not the least doubt that the bracket shown on last page will recommend itself as the acme of effective lighting and artistic design. You will there also find address.

AMERICAN.—The question is outside my province, not being an official descendant of Mr. Turveydrop. But I make no doubt that if you apply to your country's representative, Mr. Choate will readily set you at rest on the point. I have always heard that Americans do not kiss hands, but merely make their curtsies; so your friend is probably not so much in error as you think.

SYBIL.

The Brighton Company are announcing some new tours, for which tickets available for one month are issued, to enable the holder to visit the numerous seaside resorts, and other places of interest on the South Coast, from Hastings to the Isle of Wight inclusive. Passengers may commence the journey from either London Bridge, Victoria, or Kensington Stations to Ryde or Hastings, and proceed thence along the coast from East to West, or *vice versa*. These tours comprise from two to three hundred miles through some of the most charming scenery of Surrey and Sussex.

Miss Emma Howson, who was the original Josephine in "H.M.S. *Pinafore*," is now a teacher of music in Brooklyn. Miss Howson's family has an extremely interesting musical record. Her grandfather taught Michael Balfe thorough-bass and counterpoint; her aunt, the celebrated singer, Madame Albertazzi, contemporary with Rubini, Grisi, and Lablache, was in the original quartet of singers in the production of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" in 1842; and her father, Frank Howson, produced Verdi's "Ernani," the first Italian opera seen in Australia, at Sydney in 1857. By the way, Miss Howson and her brother, Charles Howson—who has been for over twenty years at the Lyceum as interpreter and organist—were born in Hobart, Tasmania. Another brother, John Howson, was well known for his impersonation of Gaspard in "Les Cloches de Corneville."

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 27.

CONSOLS AND "COUNTY COUNCILS."

We have several times of late stated it as our opinion that the price of Consols can have only one direction between this and July 1903, when the interest becomes reduced to 2½ per cent. There will be ups and downs, naturally, but the gradual course of the quotation will set towards par, and trustees whose capital is invested in The Funds are asking us how they shall act, and whether there is nothing with which they could replace their Goschens with a reasonable hope of increasing instead of diminishing their capital.

The 2½ per cent. stocks of the Corporation and of the County of London seem designed to meet the case. Setting them forth in their Official List order, we get the following table—

	Redeemable.	Price.
Metropolitan 2½ per cent.	1920-49 ...	96½
London County 2½ per cent.	after 1920 ...	95¼
Corp. of London 2½ per cent. Debentures ...	1927-57 ...	96

At these prices the return per cent. is well over the yield on Consols, while the security, being based upon the rates, can only be considered

gilt-edged. The first two are "strict Trust stocks," and, as such, can legally be exchanged for Consols by trustees who are not absolutely compelled to hold Government Stock. The prestige of Consols of course is far higher than that of the London loans; but, for all that, there does seem to be a reasonable prospect of the stocks we have indicated rising to par, while the causes that make for an advance in "Goschens" operate still more favourably upon these Municipal securities.

HOME RAILS.

The light and airy way in which South-Western stocks have been moving about of late is all put down to the loss of the *Stella*, the market being frightened by rumours of the large amounts that are said to be quietly in course of dis-



RAINY RIVER DISTRICT INDIAN CHIEFS.

bursement by way of compensation to the survivors and to the relatives of those who were lost. The report is dying a natural death, and, confidence being once more restored, we see no reason why the price of the Deferred should not return to the neighbourhood of 90. The traffic receipts show an increase up to last Wednesday of £97,886. Beyond the South-Western excitement there has been little stirring in the Home Railway Market, although it is occasionally depressed by fears of dearer money.

In less than a month, dividend forecasts will be eagerly discussed, and even now rough estimates can be formed as to what the declarations are likely to be. It is the lean half-year, of course, which is so soon closing, and our readers must remember that directors will probably be shy of making any marked increase upon last year's distributions for the present, even if the accounts permit them to do so, because of the necessity for safeguarding the dividends at the end of the year. Working expenses, too, have shown of late such an alarming disposition to increase that until some standard, or limit, to their growth becomes apparent, railway financiers are likely to err on the safe side of carrying forward too much rather than risk a shortage of dividend in the second half of the year.

We shall not be the only ones who will be disappointed if the Great Eastern dividend is not a ½ per cent. better at least, and the Midland has also a good chance of the higher rate than was declared ten months ago. Great Western Ordinary got a dividend at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum for the first half of 1898, but this was due entirely to the strike that prevailed in Wales for part of the time. In July 1897 the stock received 4½ per cent., and the distribution this time should come within measurable distance of this rate. Both the North-Eastern and North-Western Companies boast traffic increases which should assure to their stockholders a better dividend than they received in 1898. The Southern lines will probably have to be content with the same amount as was paid in 1898.

THE RAINY RIVER GOLD DISTRICT OF ONTARIO.

While the world is absorbed in the development of the gold-resources of the Rand, Kootenay, Klondyke, West Australia, and other well-known districts, there are within the bounds of civilisation belts of country which contain gold deposits equal and, perhaps, superior to those of the frozen North or the sun-burnt deserts of the great Australasian continent, and, among these not quite unknown regions, the Rainy River district of the Province of Ontario, in the Dominion of Canada, is not the least promising. It is very accessible, either from the Great Lakes or from Rat Portage, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and thence by steamboat over the Lake of the Woods to Port Francis. Within a hundred and fifty miles of Lake Superior, and such famous mines as the Hecla and Calumet, not a decade ago the country was unknown, but there have sprung up within the last five or six years a number of mining-camps all over the district, and a number of paying mines, headed by the "Sultana," have been discovered and brought into operation.

The ore found in the Rainy River district is quartz containing free gold, which readily yields to the ordinary process of amalgamation, and it may be stated that the average value of the lodes so far opened out is from twelve to fifteen dollars a ton. Wages are much lower than in Rossland or the less accessible parts of British Columbia, and average from 1.75 to 2.25 dollars a-day for skilled men, so that the total cost of raising and treating ore in this country should not exceed from 3.50 to 4.50 dollars per ton, and will probably be reduced when the Canadian Pacific Railway branch, now in course of building, is opened through the midst of the district. There is a large Indian reservation within the bounds of the auriferous belt, but, although the red man is interesting from a picturesque point of view, he is, we are sorry to say, valueless for the purposes of either mining or mill work; indeed, except to cut timber by fits and starts, he may be treated as a *quantité négligeable*. We understand that efforts are being made to interest English capital in this goldfield, and already the Canadian Mines Development Company, to deal with the well-known Foley Mine, has been floated here. It is said that the "Sultana" is to follow, with its record of some half-million dollars paid in dividends to the present owners; and while we have no desire to assist in any fresh mining "booms," we think that the few facts we have got together about this district and its prospects may be of use to our readers.

A PROPOSED TRUST.

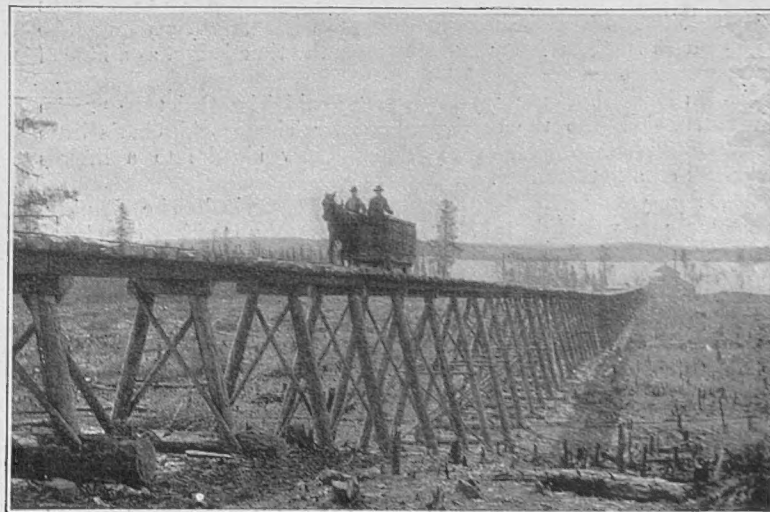
Last week we gave a little Trust which, while dividing risks, enabled the investor to get practically 5 per cent. for his money, but several letters have reached us asking if we cannot put together five or six stocks whose interest-returns are higher and the risks not considerably greater. We will suppose that the investor has £1000 to put out, and, on the supposition that he wants, say, 6½ per cent., we suggest that the money is spread as follows—

	Cost.	Income.
200 Pref. shares Vi-Coöa	£150 ...	£12 0
22 United States Breiving Co. 8 per cent. Pref. ...	231 ...	17 12
20 River Plate Gas Shares	235 ...	14 0
3 Standard Bank of South Africa shares ...	205 ...	12 0
3 Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank shares ...	180 ...	11 5
Total	£1001 ...	£66 17s.

Again we are able to say that all the shares in the above list are officially quoted on the London Stock Exchange and are readily marketable, but the objection which may be taken to the Trust is perhaps the considerable uncalled liability in respect of both the banks. This is true; but investors who want 6½ per cent. for their money must run some risk, especially when they require readily marketable securities. As a variation of the Trust for those who do not like any one or two of the above investments, we would suggest—(1) the Ordinary shares of A. and F. Pears; (2) the Preference shares of Simson and McPhearson's Brewery; and we prefer them in the order named. Both are fully paid, carry no liability, and pay over six per cent. at present prices.

THE KAFFIR CONFUSION.

If we go to war with the Transvaal, prices will slump; if the present crisis is bridged over, there will be a bigger "boom" than that of '95.



THE FOLEY MINE: TRAM-ROAD 4000 FEET FROM MINE TO MILL.

Between these two poles of fixed certainty, what a sea there lies of anxious speculation, of nervous fears, of buoyant optimism! We have stated before that the prospect of any open rupture is, to our mind, extremely remote. War is just about as likely to come as a dividend on Chartered, yet the market had some ground for its apprehension when the mischievous publication of the despatches between Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner gave colour to the theory that hostilities were actually within hearing. We were chatting to a man yesterday who has grown old in the service of the South African Republic, and who has known "Oom Paul" ever since the latter went into breeches, and he declares that Kruger would die sooner than yield an inch beyond the length he had determined to go.

To sit tight on Kaffirs is our strong recommendation. One meets so many people nowadays who loudly lament their inability to increase their holdings in South Africans, because they are already loaded up as high as they dare go. But among the men whose interest in Kaffirs is small, there exists a hesitation to buy until the tide turns that is as likely as not to lose all its opportunities by sitting for ever on the fence. A careful study of the list will show many a cheap share. Durban-Roodepoort at 6½, New Primrose at 4½, Heriots at 7; all these are dividend-paying concerns that return handsome yields at the present prices, while, for the more speculative fancy, Randfontein at 2½ and Transvaal Gold at 1½ should prove capital things to buy to lock up for a few weeks, until the trouble is once more temporarily shelved.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

The carriage grew hotter and stuffier every minute. The weather seemed too sultry even for talking, and the usual City party was thinking over its day's work in silence. Then The Banker, lurching himself into a less uncomfortable position, trod hard upon the patent-leather of The Stockbroker sitting opposite. There was a lightning-flash of sudden wrath.

"What the!—what the!—what the—er—means to be adopted for getting the Transvaal out of its present position will be"—The Stockbroker's fiery words trailed off into mellifluous sweetness—"it is a little difficult to guess," he remarked. "All I know is that, away and beyond the ragged 'bulls' and Kaffirs who are scuttling out of their shares, there is a small army of people waiting to buy directly war breaks out."

"Directly war breaks out? I don't understand," said The Merchant, with rather a puzzled air.

"Why, don't you see," said The Capitalist, "it will mean a grand time for us if this country and the Transvaal go to war. Things would drop like wind-falls in the early autumn; Goldfields ought to touch 3, Rand Mines 20; East Rands would be unsaleable, and you would be able to buy Barnato things for a mere song. Then we shall step in, and—"

"And," concluded The Stockbroker, not to be done out of giving a perfectly safe tip, "after the war is over, there won't be an ounce less gold in the Rand, will there? Of course, you would have to put up fresh machinery, but I don't know whether that would be much of a disaster to the mines in the long run."

"It would be rather a good thing," commented The Engineer. "Some of the mines insure their machinery, as it is; so that, beyond the stoppage of production for a little while, no ultimate harm would ensue. I fancy, myself, that there will be a little more fall in South Africans yet, but it strikes me that in the 'boom' which will follow we 'bulls' of Kaffirs will all make our fortunes. I am not selling anything myself."

"I dare say you are right," said The Promoter with a weary sigh; "but it is very discouraging work, all this South African business, and the only ones likely to make any money out of it are the gun and ammunition companies. As for me, I have half-a-dozen Rhodesian concerns all ready to put on the market, but what chance is there in days like these? Not even a Corporation loan goes, much less a Russian or a Japanese one. And people won't look at mining properties now."

"There are some new West Australians on the way, though," quietly quoth The Jobber. "Hannan's Props. are the things to buy in that market, if you want a lively gamble. They are just going to introduce a baby, and the parents ought to blossom on its advent. Then the London and Globe has another offspring on the point of issue, and I should not be much surprised if Globes were put better for the time being, as a kind of welcome to the little stranger."

"Golden Horseshoes are my favourites," said The Quiet Man, who had just struggled into the carriage, ignoring The Stockbroker's little witticisms upon the subject of introducing new blood into a lifeless carriage-full on a hot evening.

"Ah, my young friends," sententiously remarked The Banker, "believe me, you would do better for yourselves by sticking closely to Consols instead of gambling in Chartered. Now, for myself, I never let my bump of speculation lead me further than North-Western Consolidated, or a few—just a very few—Milwaukes now and then"—("How touchingly innocent!" softly interjected The Stockbroker, as his foot gave a sharp twinge)—"and I bought the last a few days ago, when the American Market was, in my poor opinion, unduly depressed."

"Yes, but how about the Money Market in New York?"

"The situation there does not give me that grave anxiety which, I believe, it is causing some of the fellow-toilers"—("Hm! hm!" coughed The Stockbroker rudely)—"in Lombard Street. Of course, it is charged with uncertainty, owing to the baneful influence of the many Trusts—"

"Oh, Yanks are all right," cheerfully interrupted The Merchant. "My brother in New York says the lines are doing magnificently, and that the crops are going to be very good, and that—"

"We shall all live happily ever after: no more elections, no more 'bear' rumours, no more stock-raiding."

"It will be sweet

In old Wall Street

When the 'bulls' shall all get their due,"

chanted one of the House men, lazily humming "A Bicycle Made for Two." "Shouldn't care to buy Americans myself before the Fall, you know, unless it was Denver Pref. or Louisville. Only they are so fond of dashing your brightest Louisville hopes to the ground—that's the worst of it, else the shares would look cheap."

"Oh, by the way, what do you think of Chathams?" suddenly queried The Quiet Man, with an heroic attempt to keep the conversation within educational bounds. "I hear the line is getting on very well."

"Much rather buy Dover 'A,'" replied The Stockbroker, in the true House fashion of answering a question with an alternative suggestion. "'Little Chats.' have lost all their spring for a while. Not that there's much go in Dover 'A' either," he admitted, with a gallant attempt to be truthful; "but the line has much better prospects. My dear sir, what on earth is the matter?"

The Banker's face was working with suppressed mirth. "I have just thought of such a funny conundrum," said he. The others grew serious, fearing apoplexy or water-on-the-brain, but the old gentleman was apparently all right.

"What is it?" furtively asked The Engineer.

"I will inform you. To what market in the Stock Exchange would you take most kindly this weather?" There was a dead silence. "Why, the Chili Market, of course! See it? Ha, ha, ha!"

The lamp slowly expired.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND STOLEN NOTES.

We can conceive nothing more disastrous for the Bank of England than success in the two actions brought against it by the holders of notes which were stolen from Parr's Bank. Hitherto men have accepted Bank of England notes with the same easy carelessness with which they are wont to receive gold or silver coin; but, if the Courts decide that it is a man's duty to take account of the number of each note tendered to him, and that, should it prove to be a stolen one, it will be necessary to fight an expensive lawsuit to establish the fact that you took it in good faith and with due care, every sensible person will refuse to run such unnecessary risks, and the humble "fiver" will practically pass out of circulation. In the cases under dispute the notes are of the value of £100 each, but the principles which apply to large also cover small notes, and the sooner we know how, exactly, the law stands, the better for everybody. What we do not understand is why the Bank of England has raised a point which, if decided in its favour, would be destructive to its business, and create great public inconvenience.

ISSUE.

The Home and Colonial Stores, Limited.—This company, whose success has been as phenomenal as that of Harrod's Stores or Lipton's, are offering 494,200 15 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary shares at 60s. each. The capital of the company consists of £500,000 in 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares, the same sum in 500,000 15 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary shares of £1 each, and 100,000 "A" Ordinary shares of the same value. These last should be more properly called Deferred shares. The business is a most flourishing one, and the Company's Stores all over the country are so well known that they have become nearly a household word. The average annual profits for the last three years are given as £123,092, and the shares now offered appear a fair Industrial risk to return 5 per cent at the issue price.

Saturday, June 17, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

N. W.—(1) The price is par to ½ premium. In our opinion, you may keep them. (2) Price is 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. (3, 4, and 5) Appear to be connected, and, in our opinion, are probably worthless. As you cannot sell at any figure worth speaking about, you will have to see the gamble out.

DEBYRUS.—(1) We should hold. The loss of the *Stella* and various other things have depressed the price, but the line is progressive. (2) Reasonably so. (3) The Yankees appear a good risk, but the English Industrial Preference shares mentioned by you are at absurd prices, and yield less than 3½ per cent. (4) Because of its supposed prospective value if the increase of traffic goes on and trade continues good. (5) Because of the fact that it is supposed to be very conservatively managed, and that it refuses to run risks to get new business.

UNION.—It is among the best of the Rhodesian mines, and, as long as you do not look upon a purchase in any other light than that of a speculation, there is no objection to your having a flutter. You will get a run for your money.

G. M.—The Paringa concern has an issued capital of 750,000 shares of 10s. each. It is a reconstruction of Hannan's Sir John Forrest Gold-Mines, Hannan's Paringa Gold-Mine, and Cassidy Hill, Coolgardie, Gold-Mines. We should like it better if we had more faith in the people at the head of affairs, but any one of its mines, especially the Cassidy Hill block, might "strike ile" some day.

FISHERMAN.—We distrust the whole gang connected with concern you write about, and the market refuses to take any of their ventures seriously.

ALIQUIS.—As to a number of the investments in your list we confess we know nothing, nor can we get information upon the Stock Exchange. These remarks apply to Nos. 1, 2, 22, 26, and 27. The companies are purely local, and, to advise you with any advantage, we should have to make inquiries in the East. Of the rest, we consider Nos. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, and 23 unsatisfactory, the first four very much so. The remainder are such as you may reasonably hold if you want safe interest for your money.

O. R. S. and ROCHESTER.—See this week's "Notes," which contain a list such as you ask for.

MISS H. W. (South Africa).—Your manuscript and views have been handed to the Editor. The letter ought not to have been sent to the "City Editor," as you will see if you read the note published every week at the head of this column.